

DELL

OCT.-DEC.

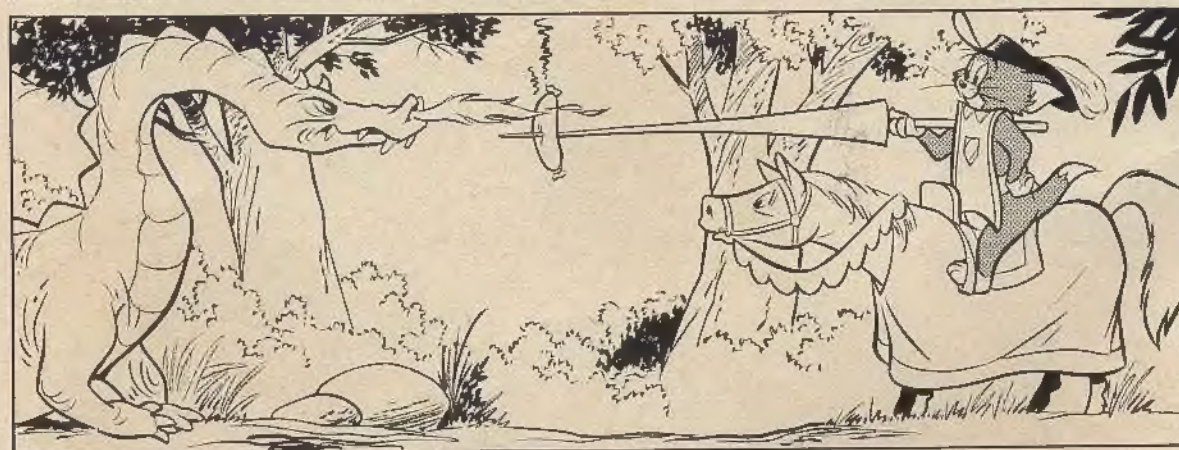
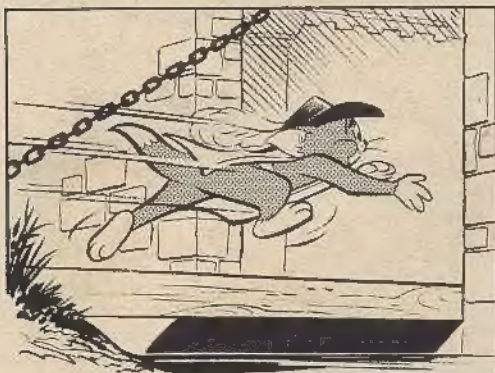
10¢

# M.G.M.'S MOUSE MUSKETEERS



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M-G-M CARTOONS  
Present

# Mouse Musketeers in

THE ROYAL  
BATTLE



MUMBLE  
GRUMBLE!

THE OL' GROUCH!  
ALL HE DOES IS  
LIE AROUND AND  
TAKE IT EASY!



IF BEING  
GRUMPY IS ALL  
IT TAKES TO  
BE KING...



...WHY SHOULDN'T I WEAR THE CROWN  
AROUND HERE?

HMM... M'SIEUR  
POOSYCAT IS UP TO  
NO GOOD TODAY,  
LITTLE ONE!



I'M AS MEAN AS THEY MAKE 'EM!  
I'LL FIGURE **SOME** WAY TO GET  
TO BE KING!

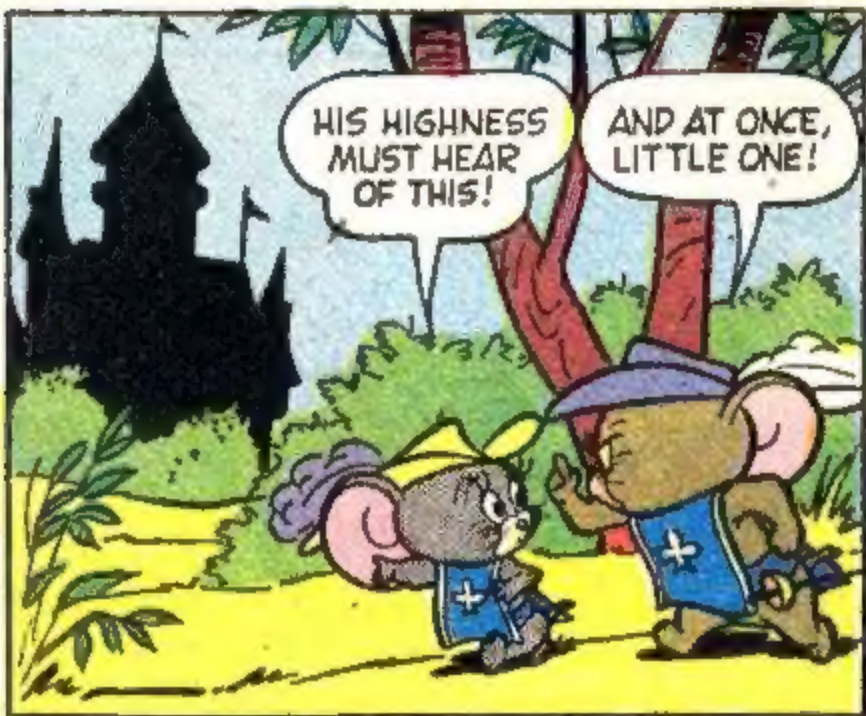
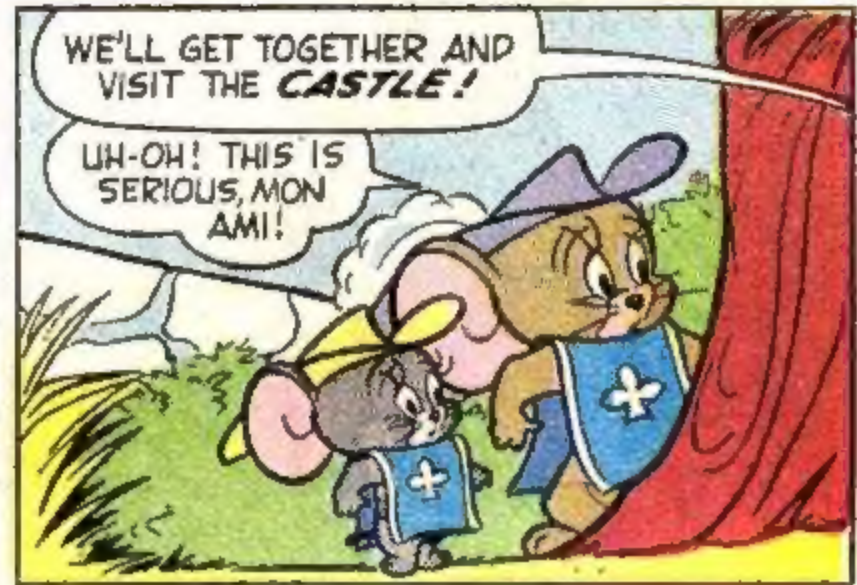
OUI! WE HAD BEST  
KEEP AN EYE ON  
HIM, MY FRIEND!



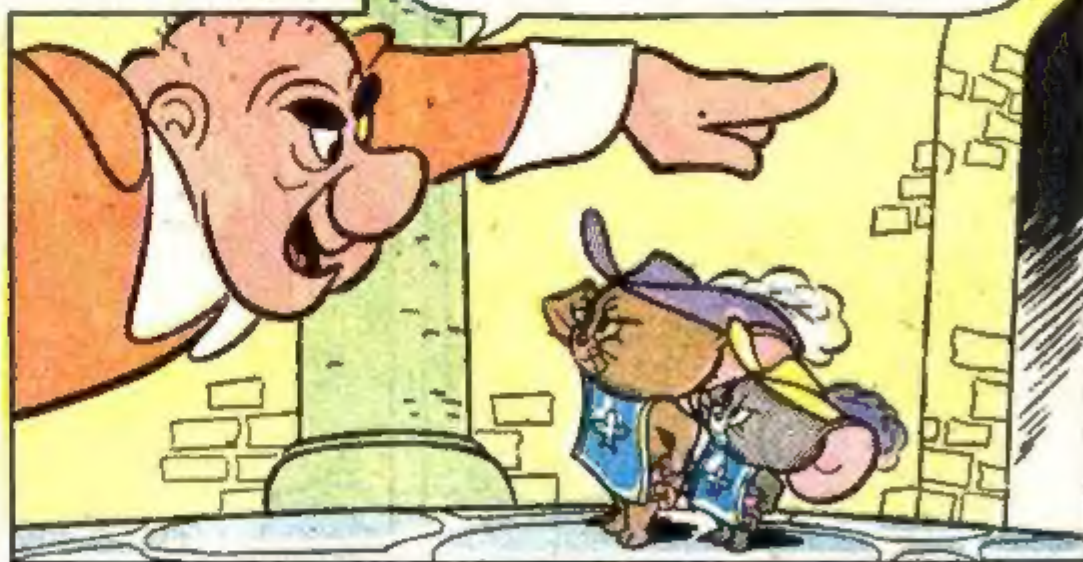
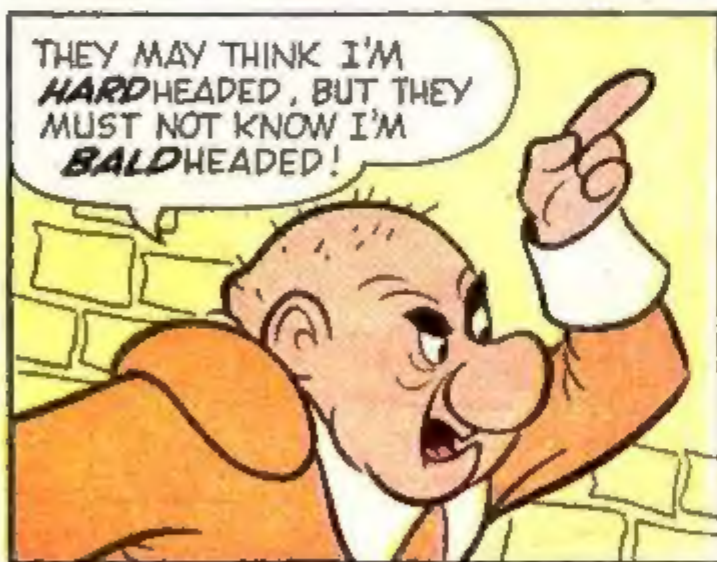
YOU POOR PEASANTS WORK AND  
SLAVE FOR OL' KING CROSSPATCH  
WHILE HE JUST SITS AND  
GRUMBLES!

?

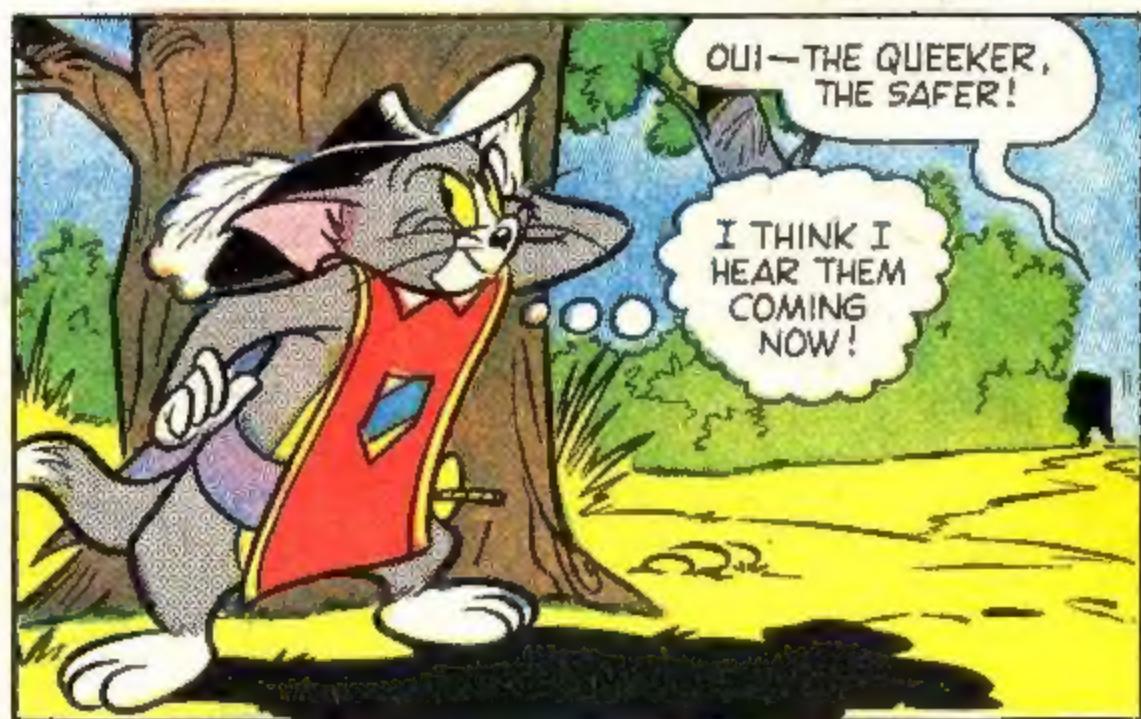
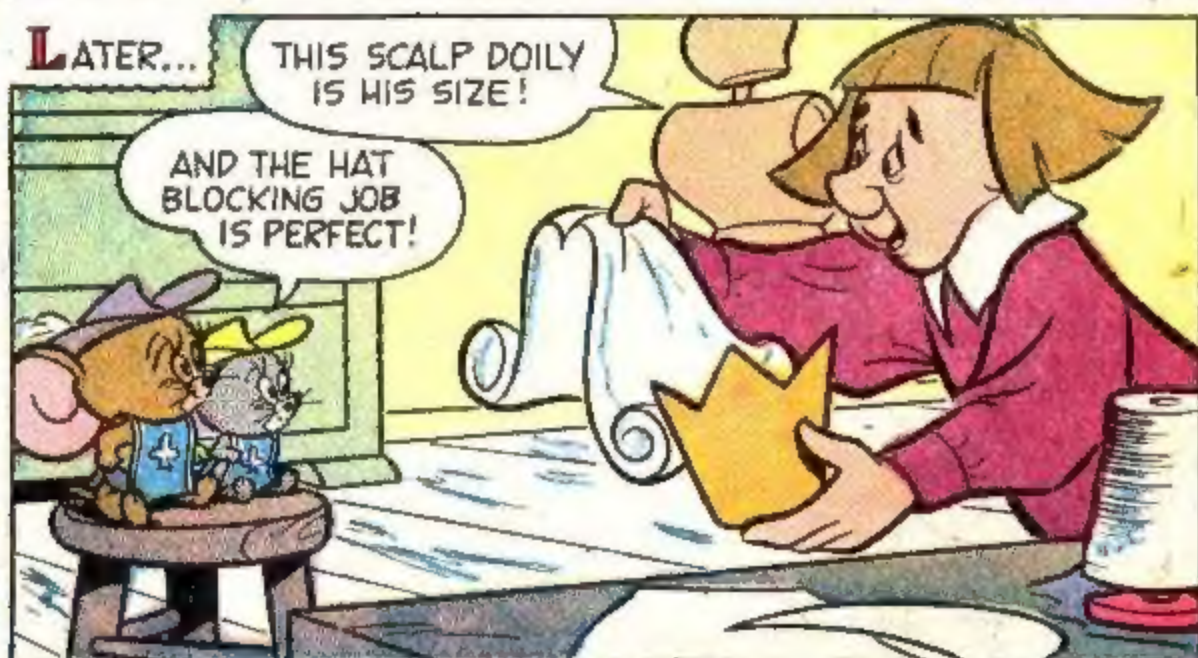
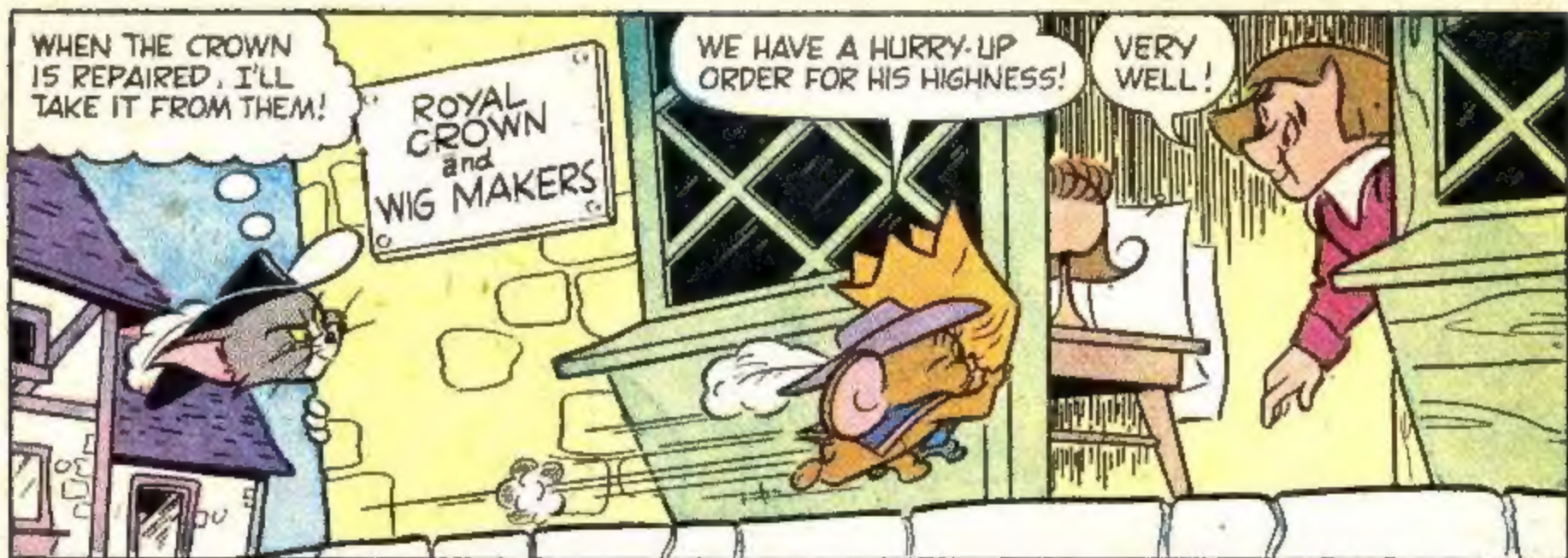




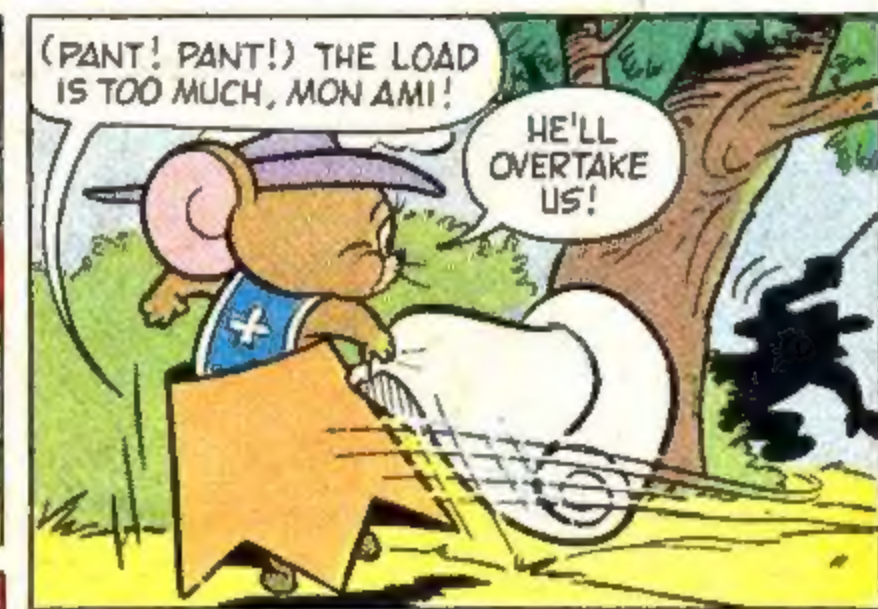
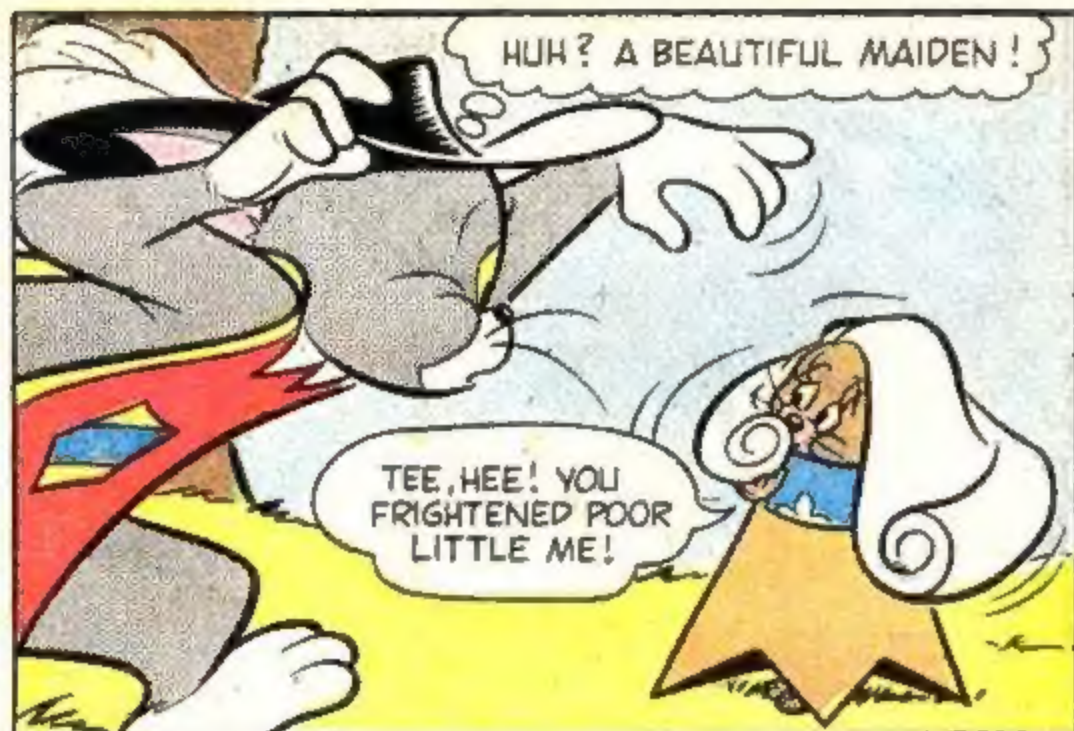
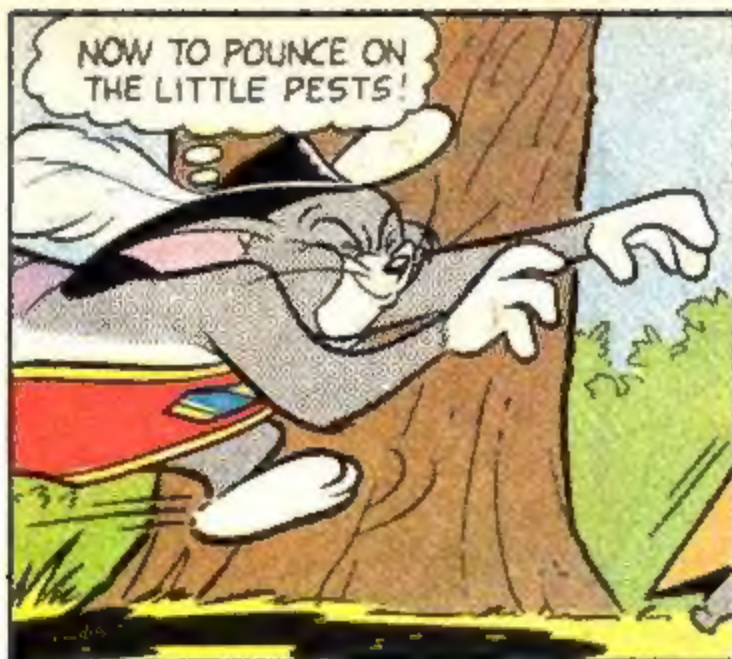




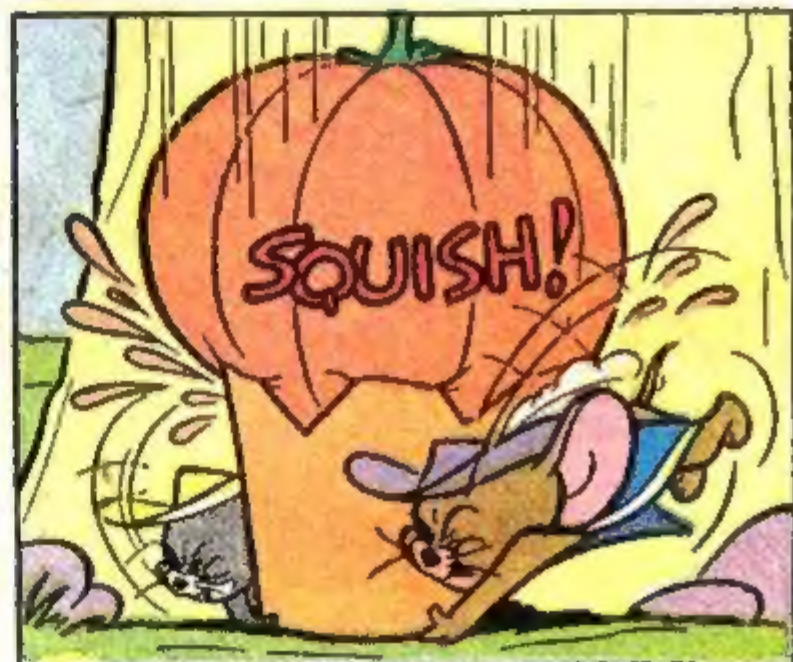
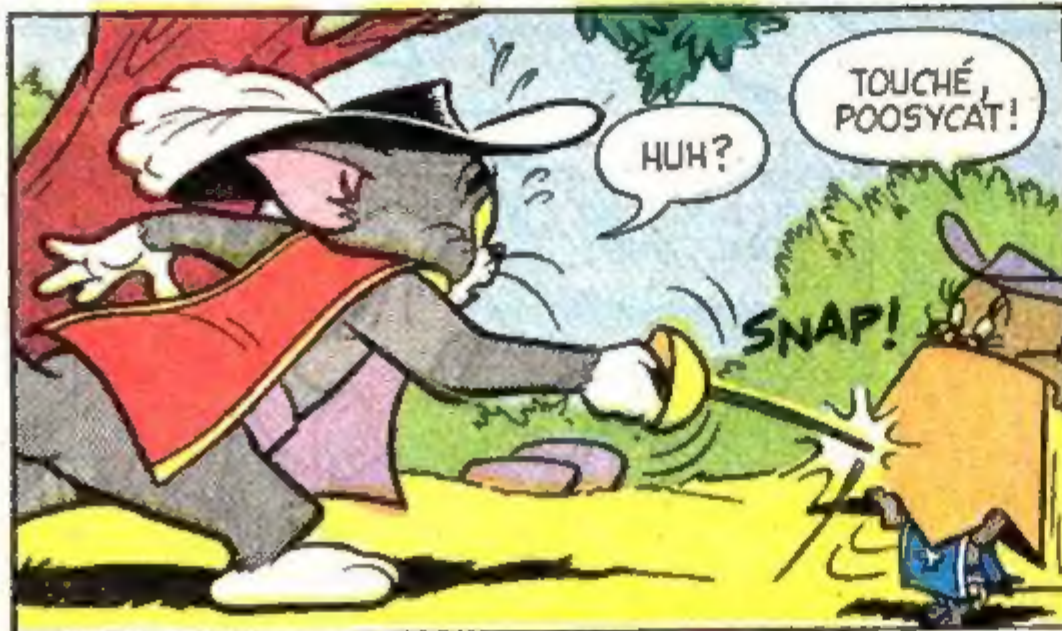




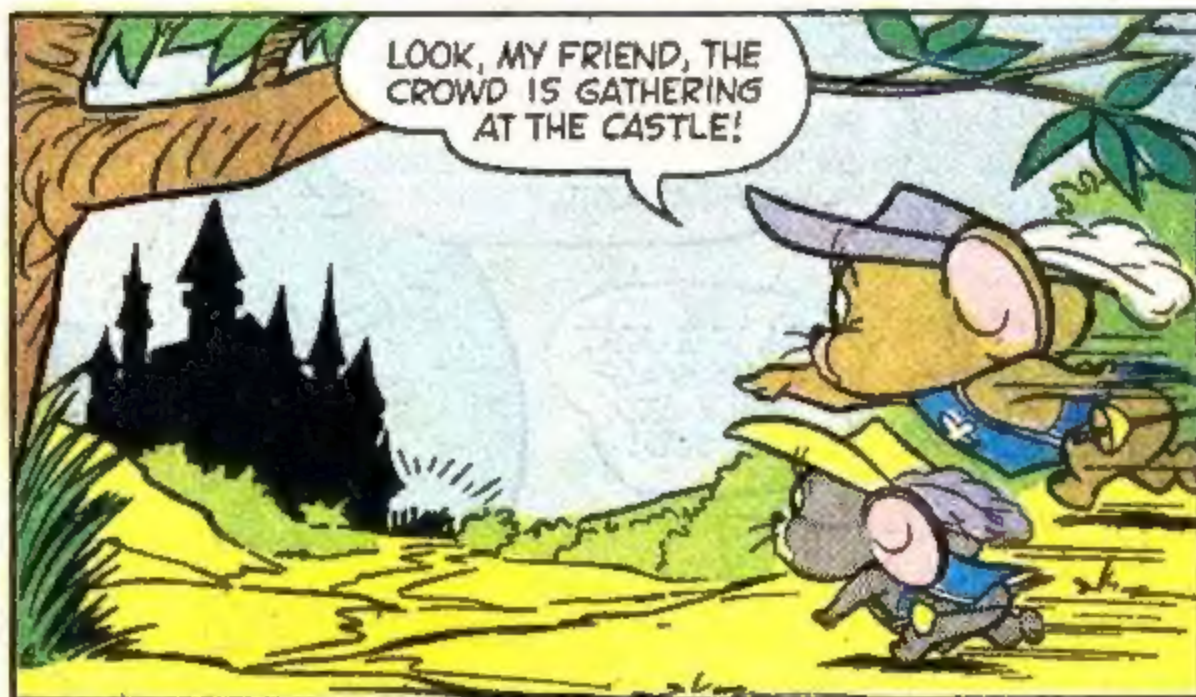
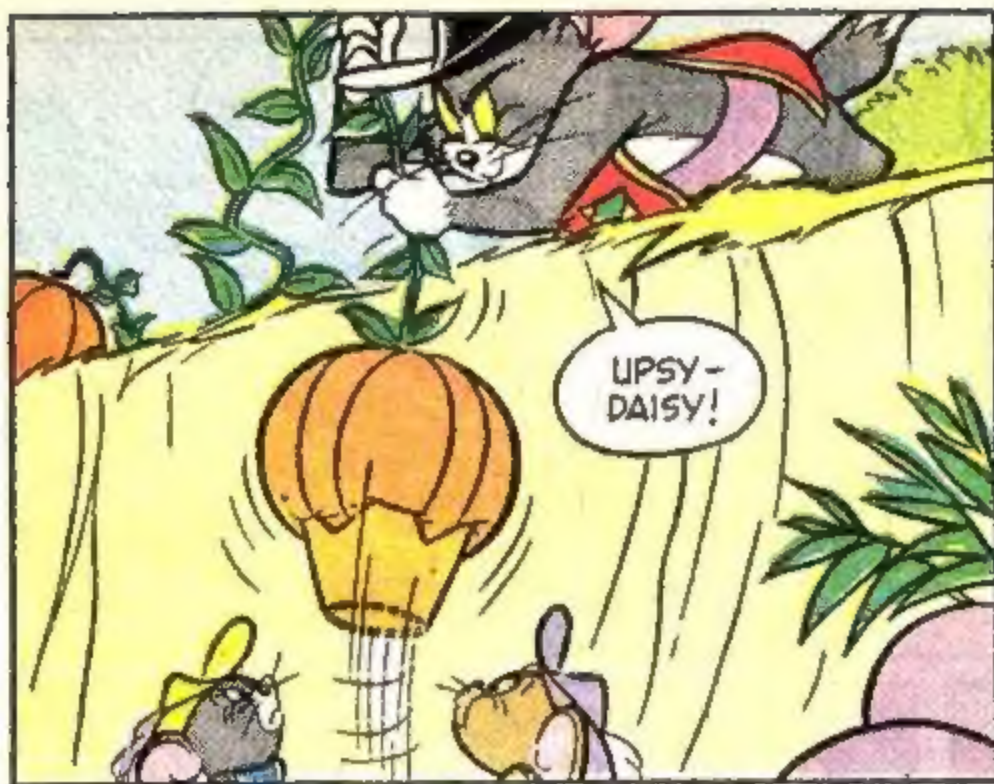




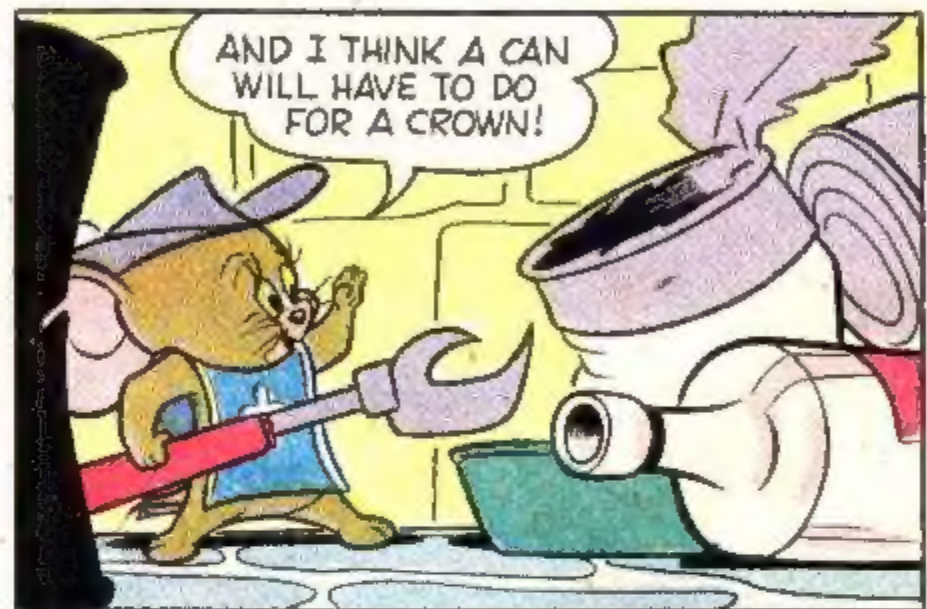
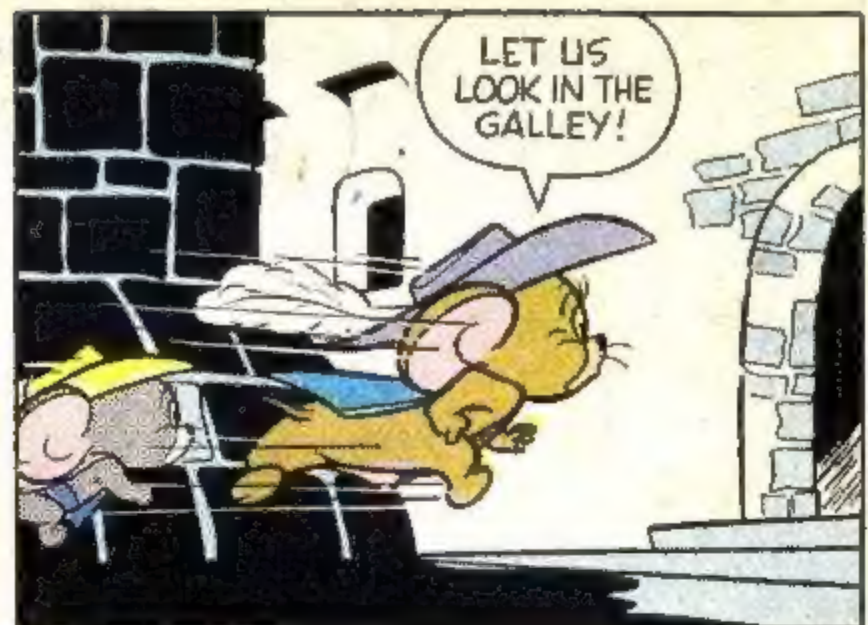




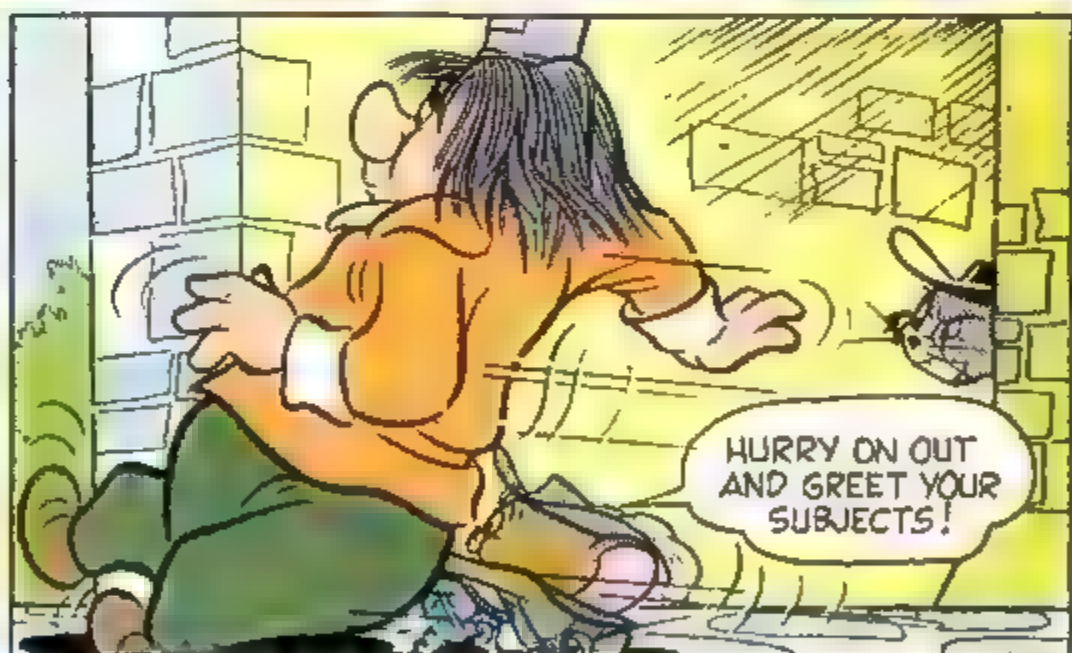
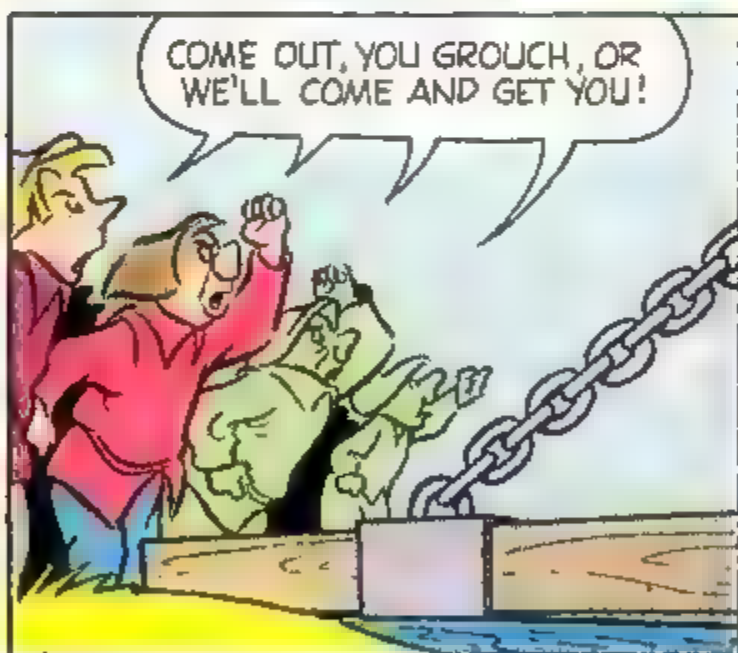
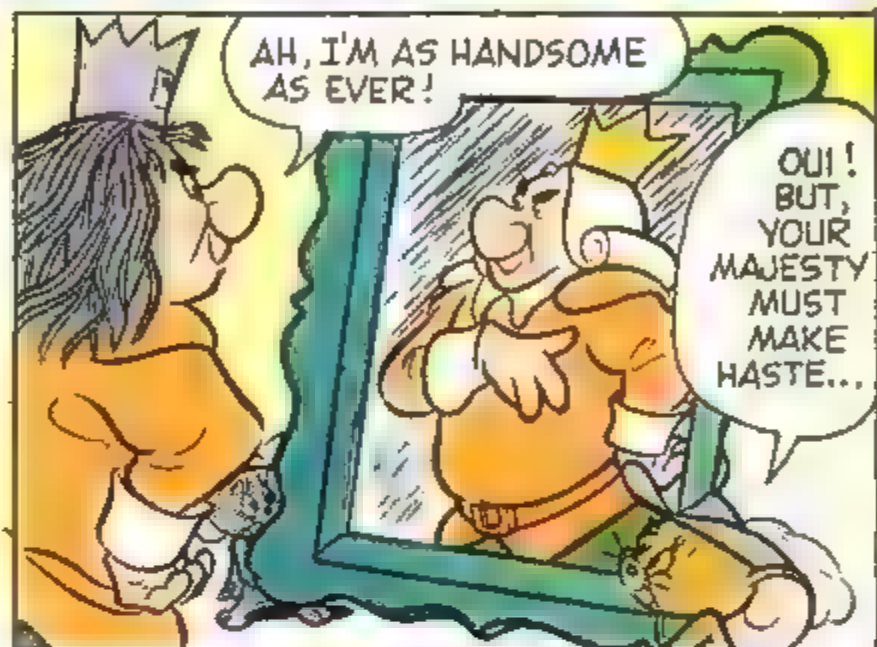
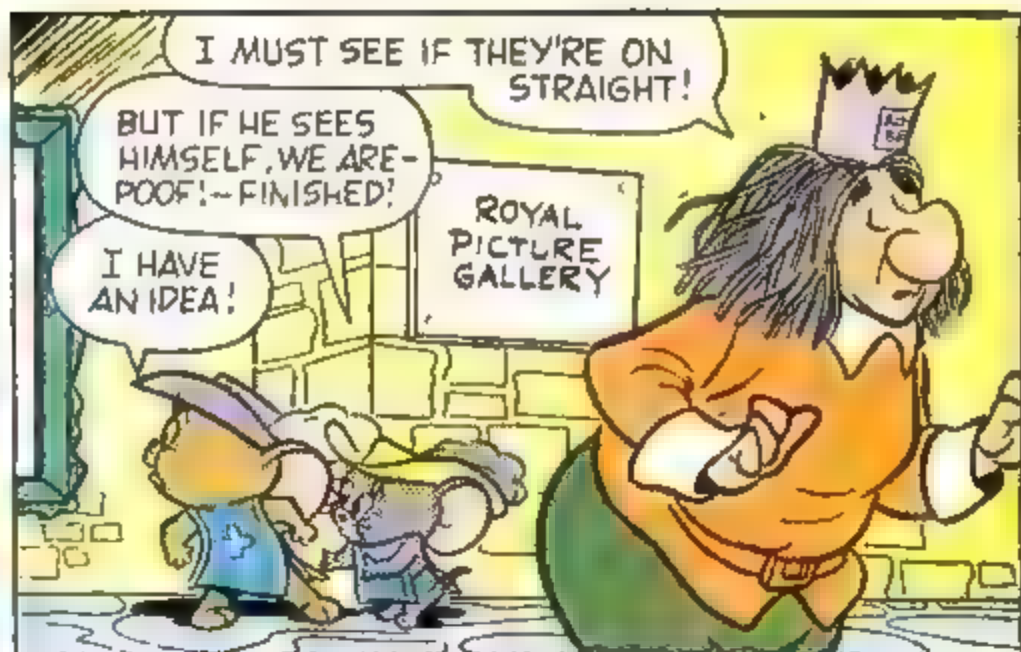
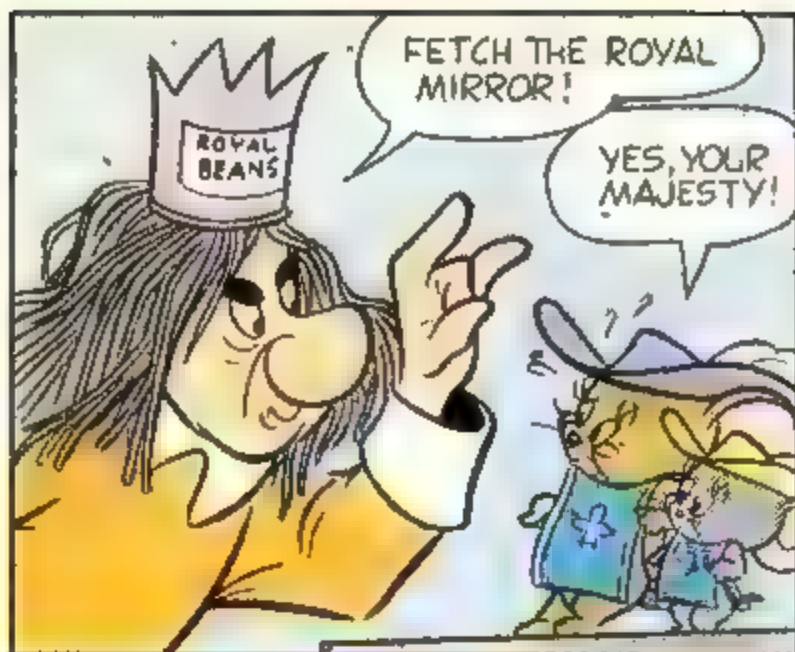




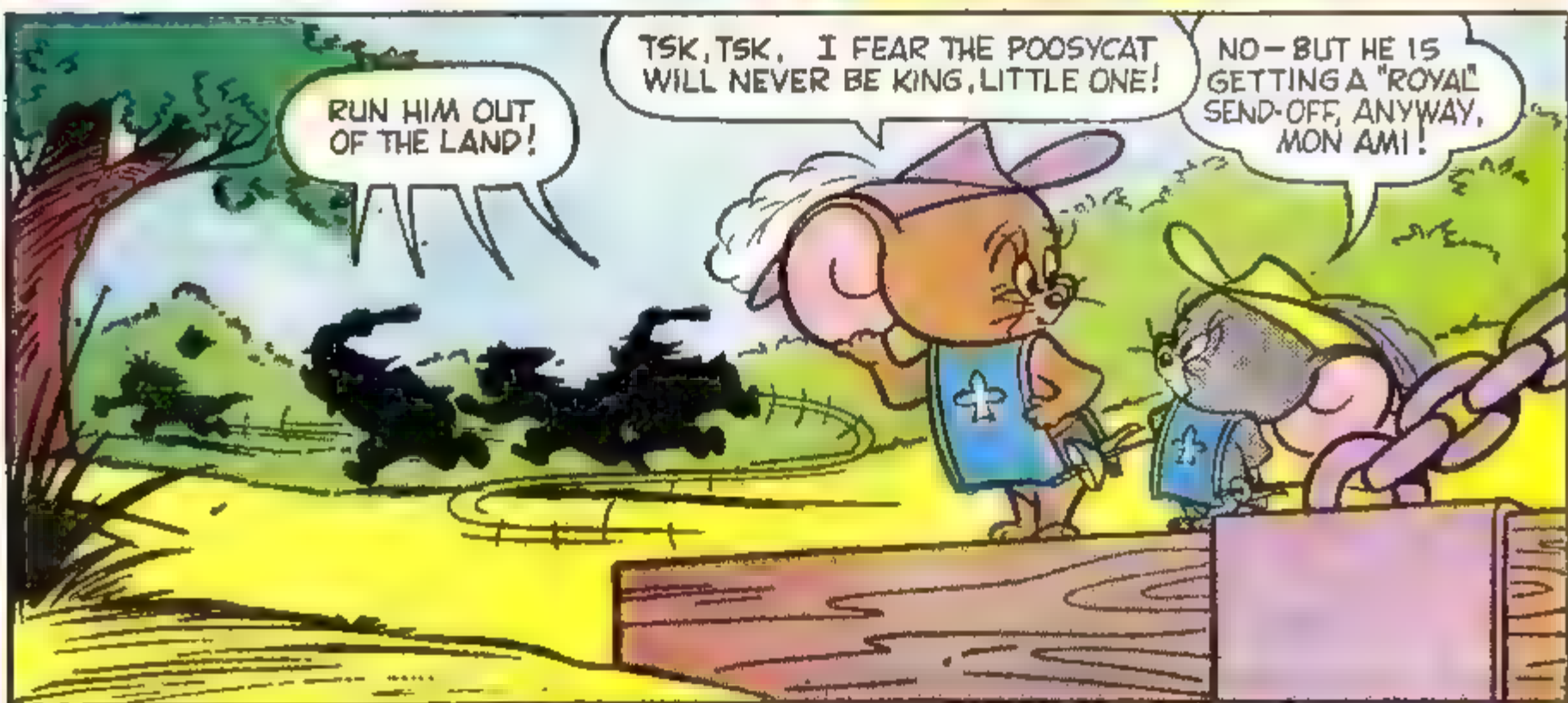
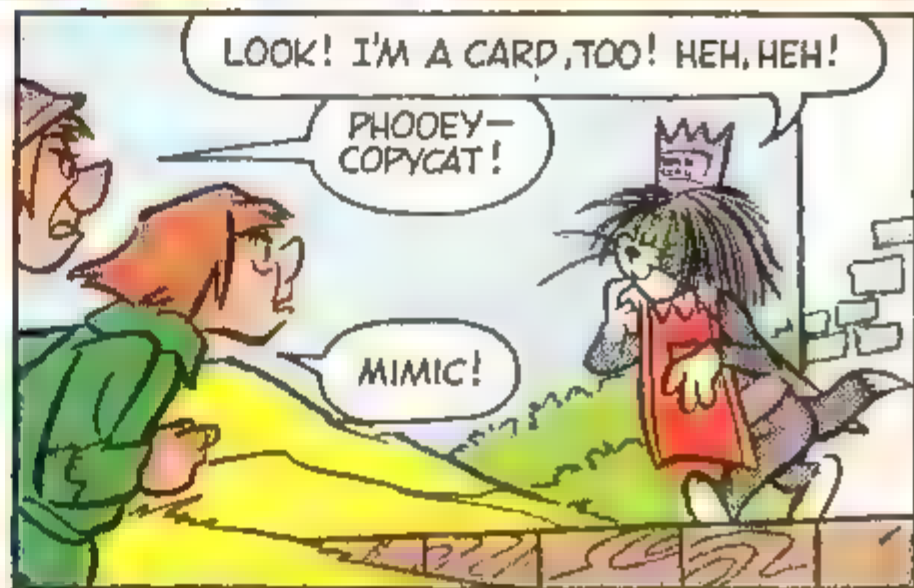
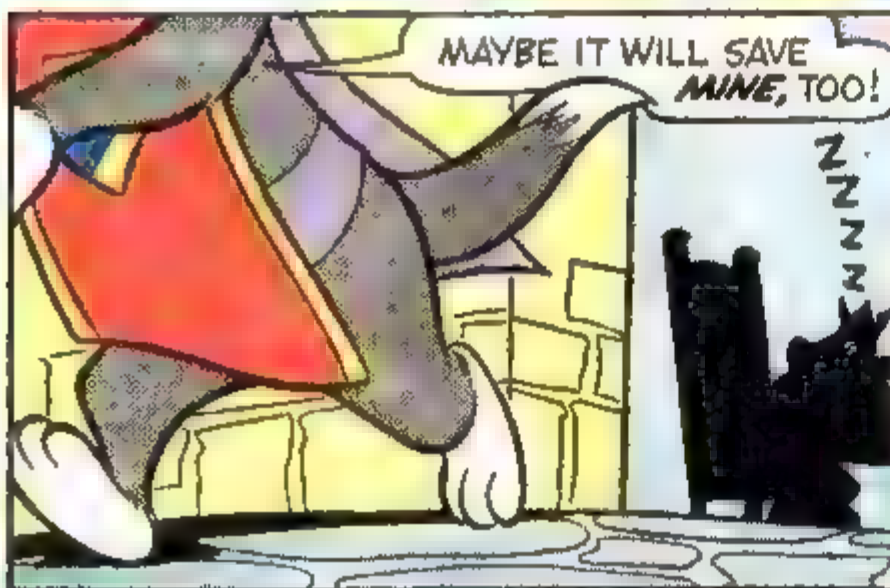
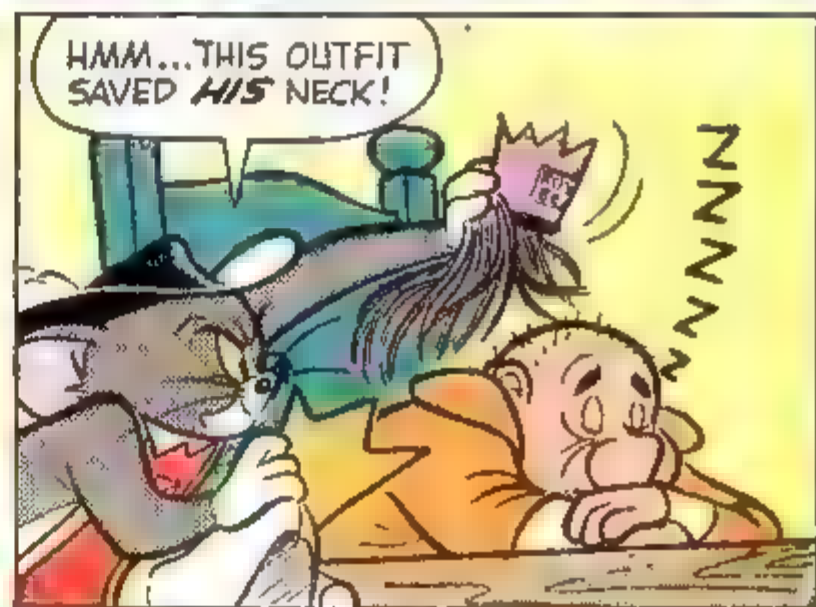
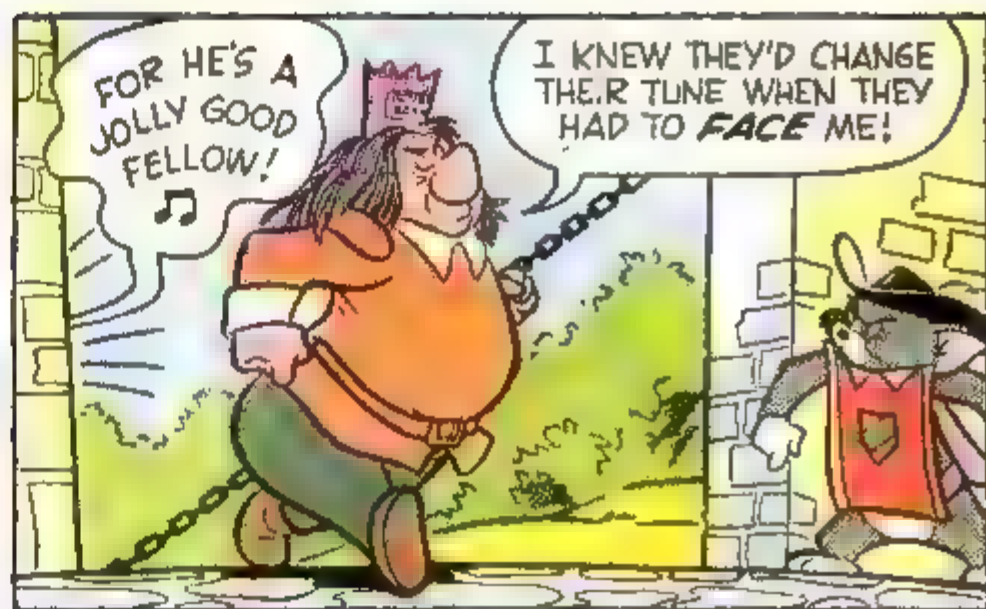














# Mouse Musketeers

VIVE LA CHEESE

MICE!

GREETINGS!  
AND THANK YOU FOR  
THIS FINE CHEESE,  
YOUR HIGHNESS!

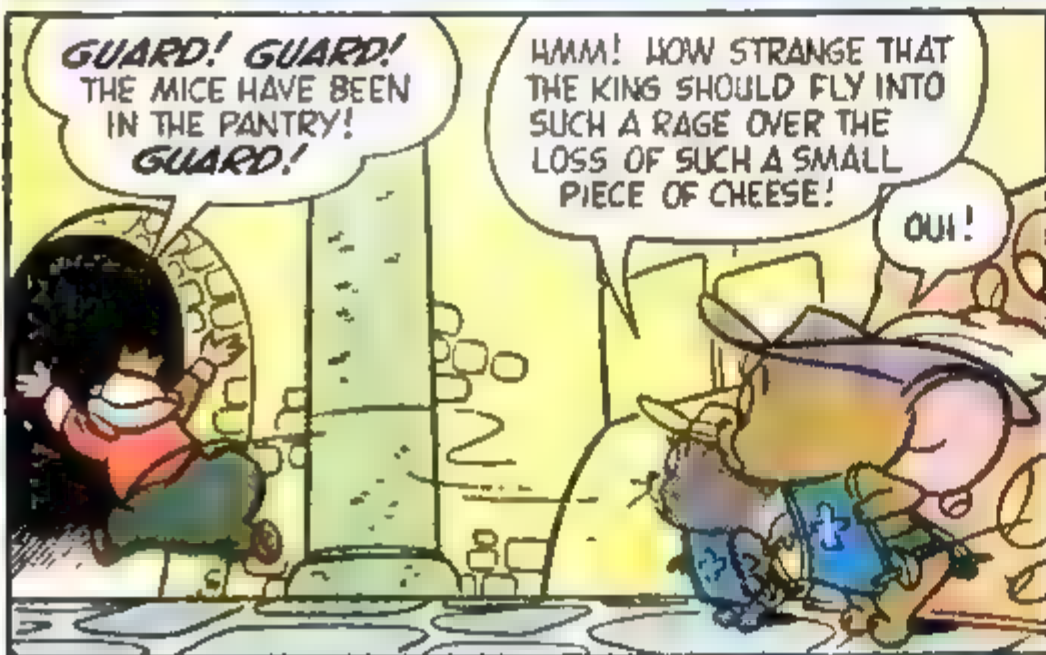
YOU HAVE  
EXCELLENT  
TASTE, SIR!



GUARD! GUARD!  
THE MICE HAVE BEEN  
IN THE PANTRY!  
GUARD!

HMM! HOW STRANGE THAT  
THE KING SHOULD FLY INTO  
SUCH A RAGE OVER THE  
LOSS OF SUCH A SMALL  
PIECE OF CHEESE!

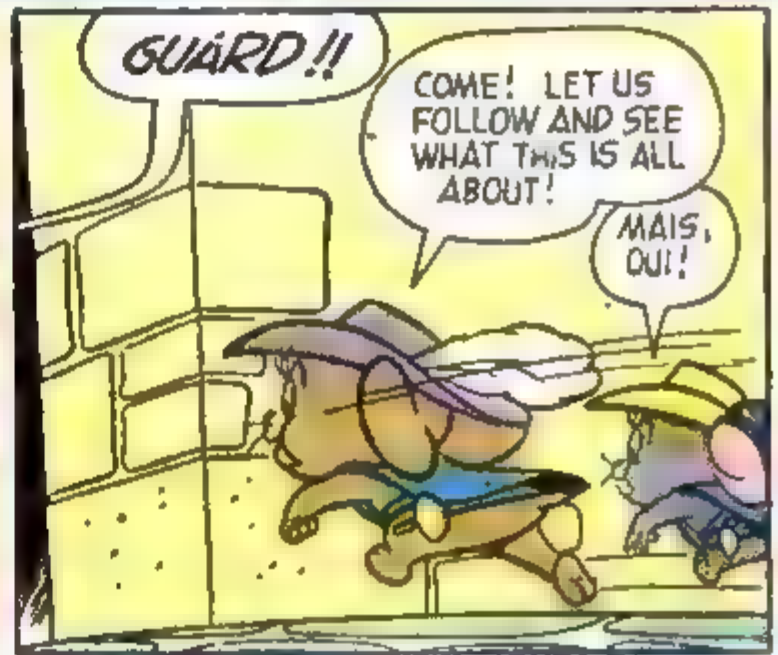
OUI!



GUARD!!

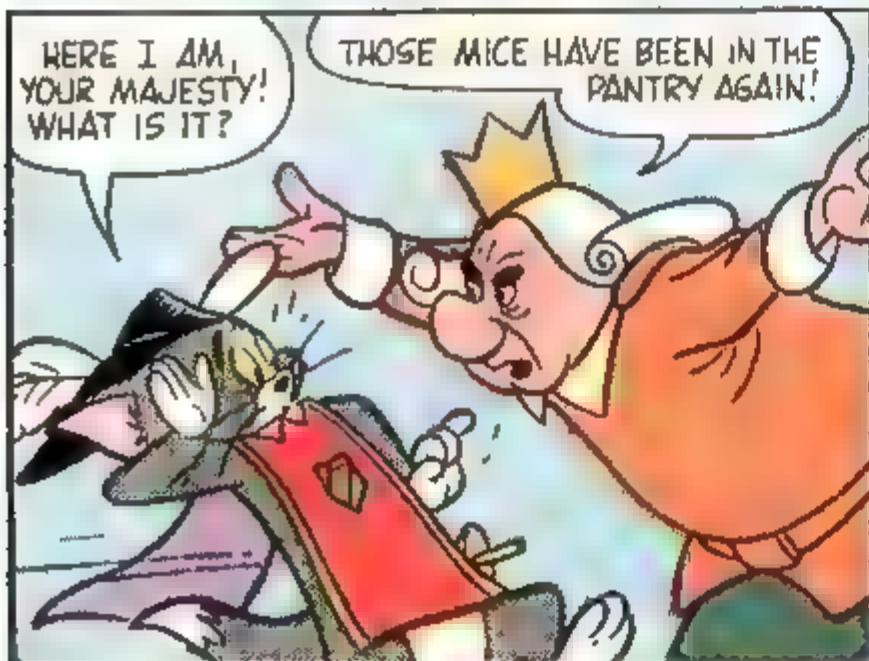
COME! LET US  
FOLLOW AND SEE  
WHAT THIS IS ALL  
ABOUT!

MAIS,  
OUI!



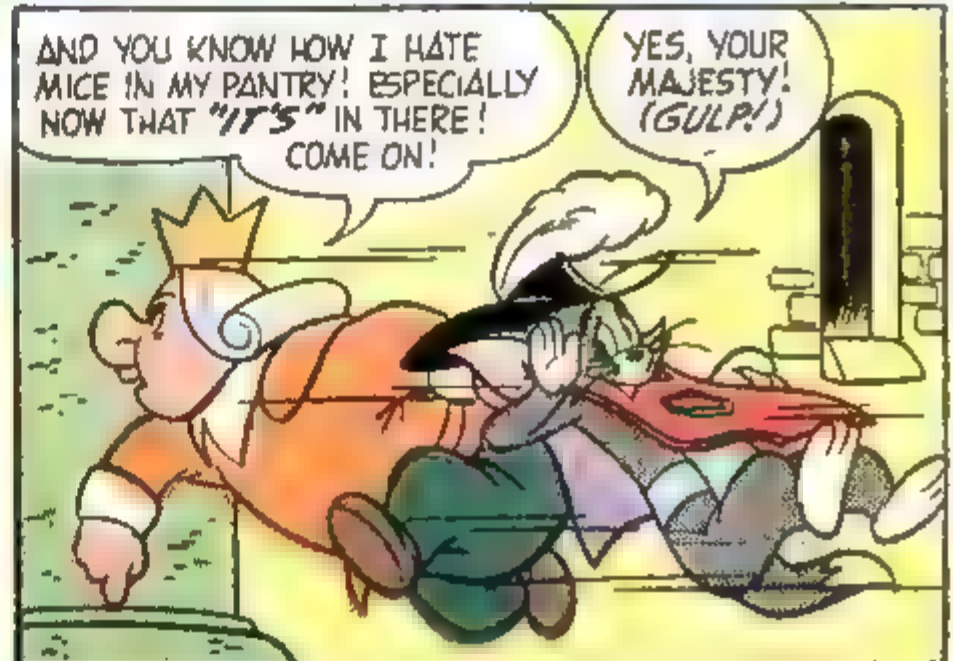
HERE I AM,  
YOUR MAJESTY!  
WHAT IS IT?

THOSE MICE HAVE BEEN IN THE  
PANTRY AGAIN!

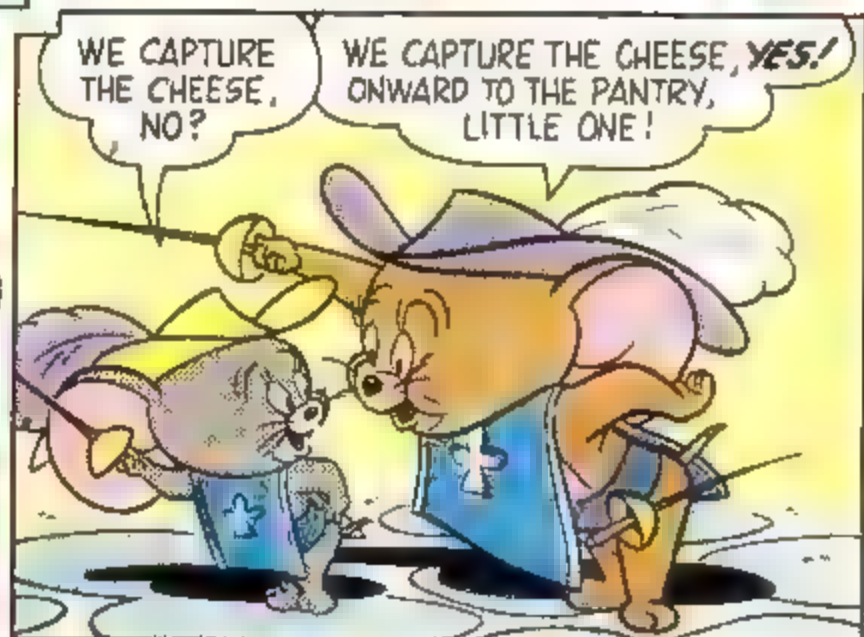
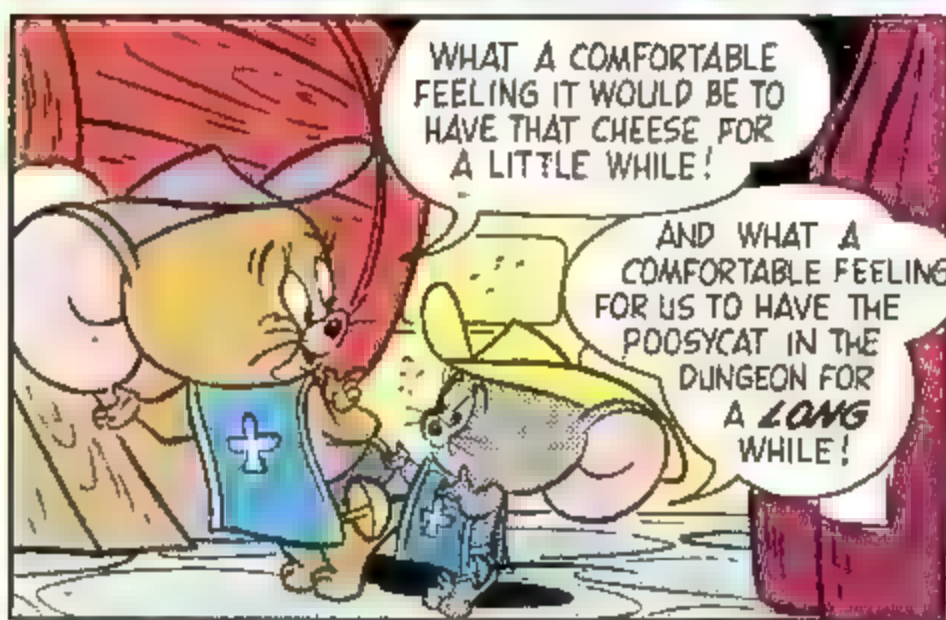
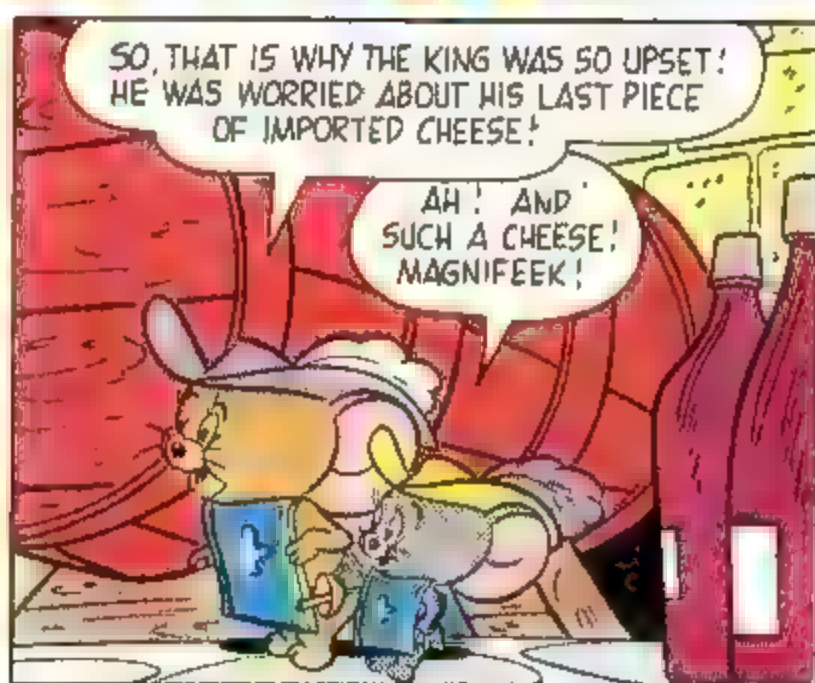
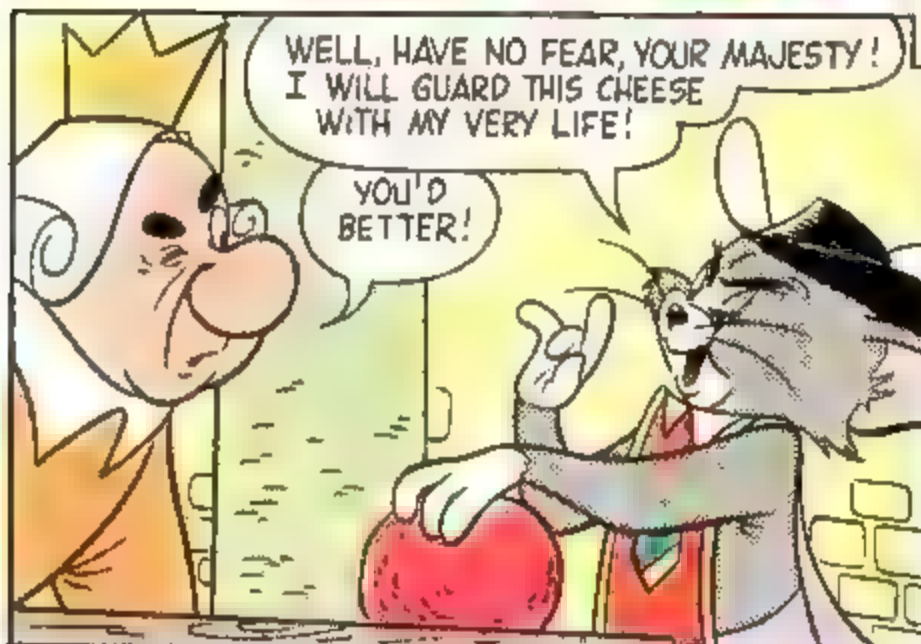
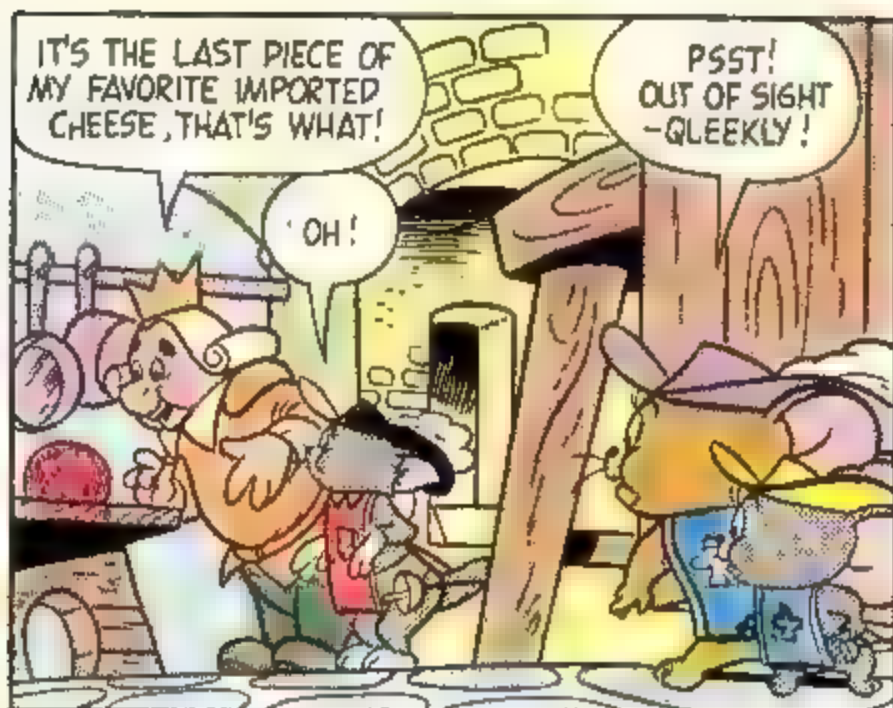
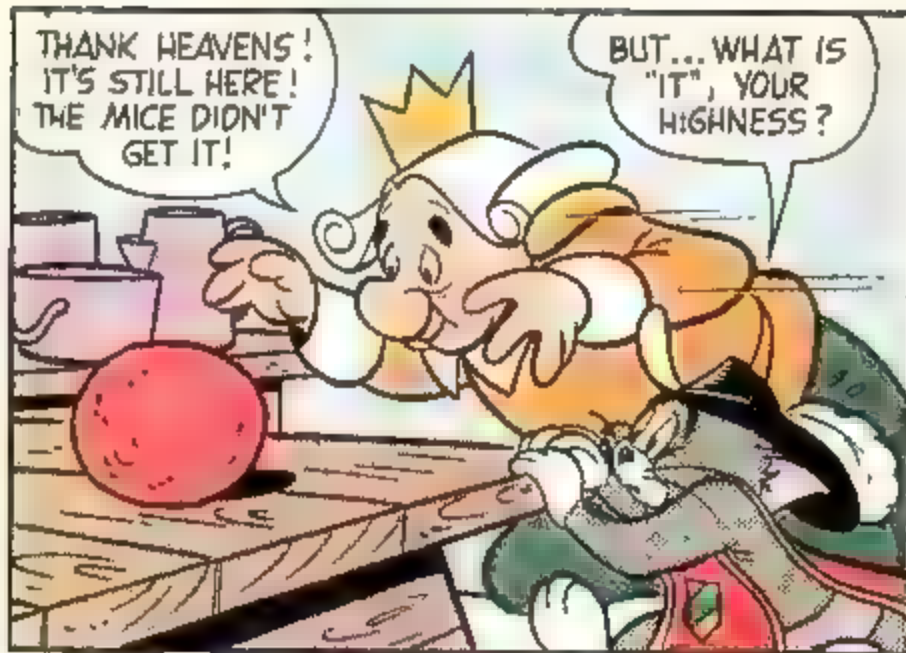


AND YOU KNOW HOW I HATE  
MICE IN MY PANTRY! ESPECIALLY  
NOW THAT "IT'S" IN THERE!  
COME ON!

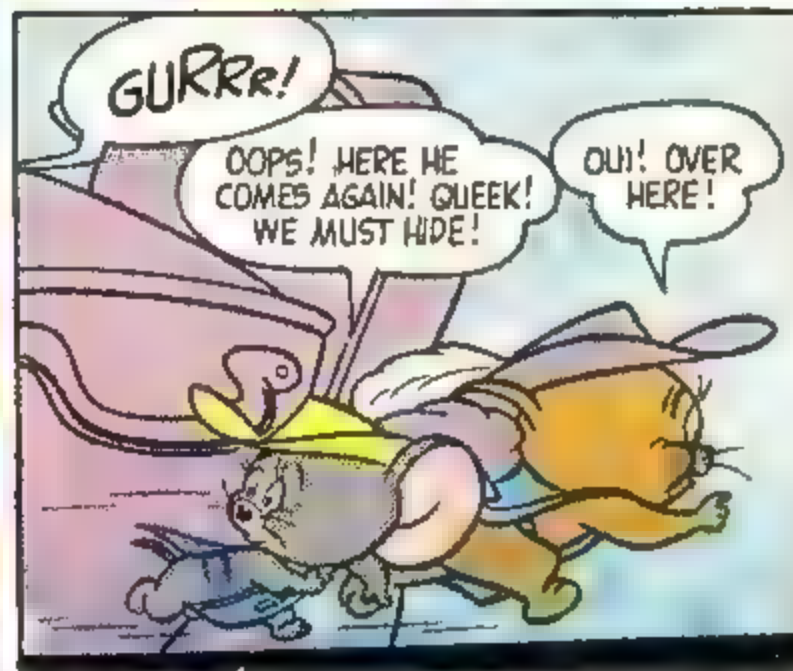
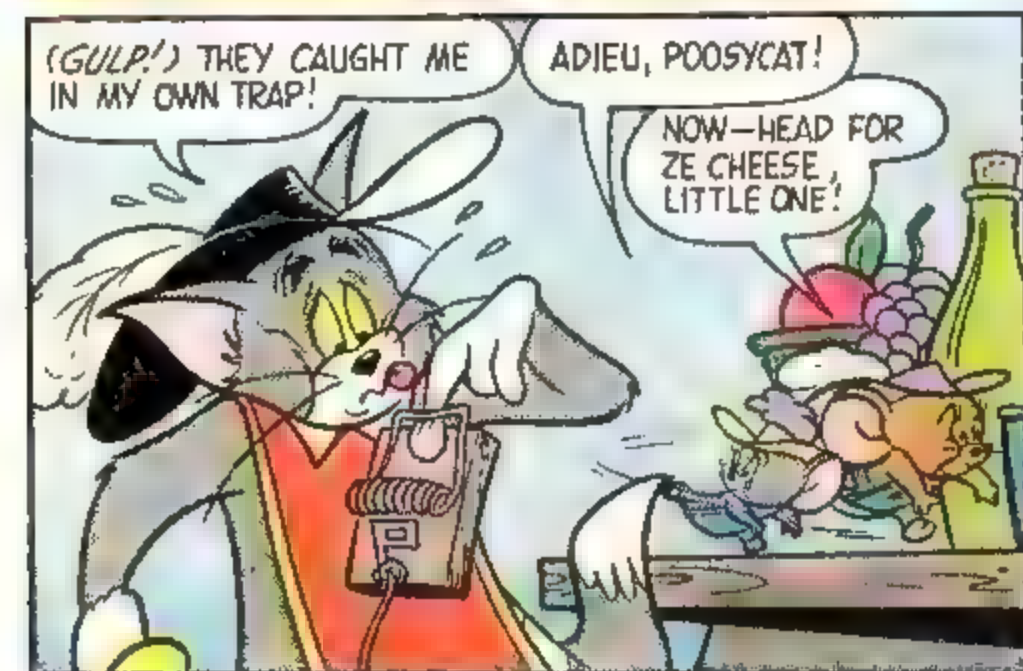
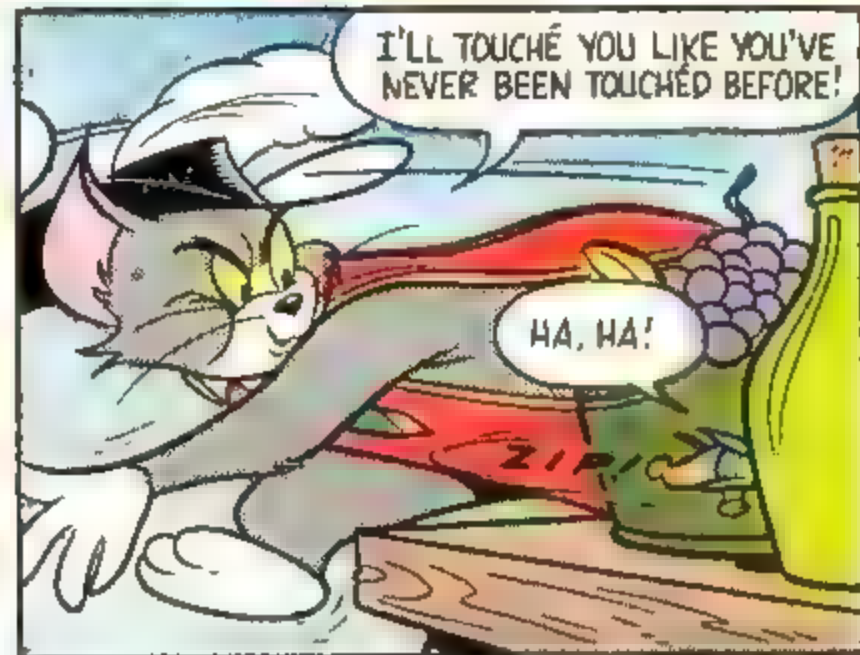
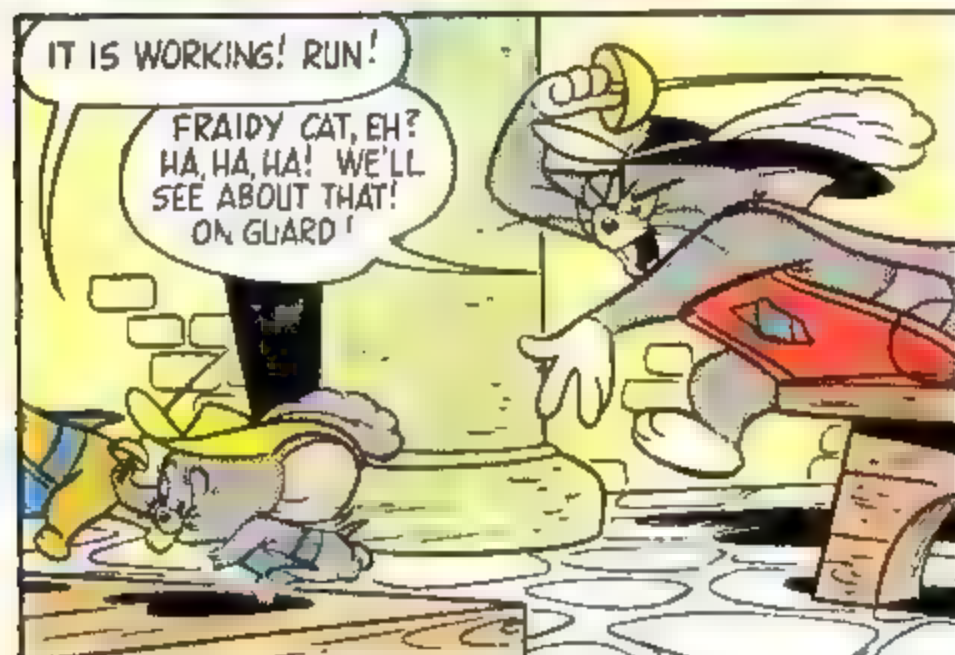
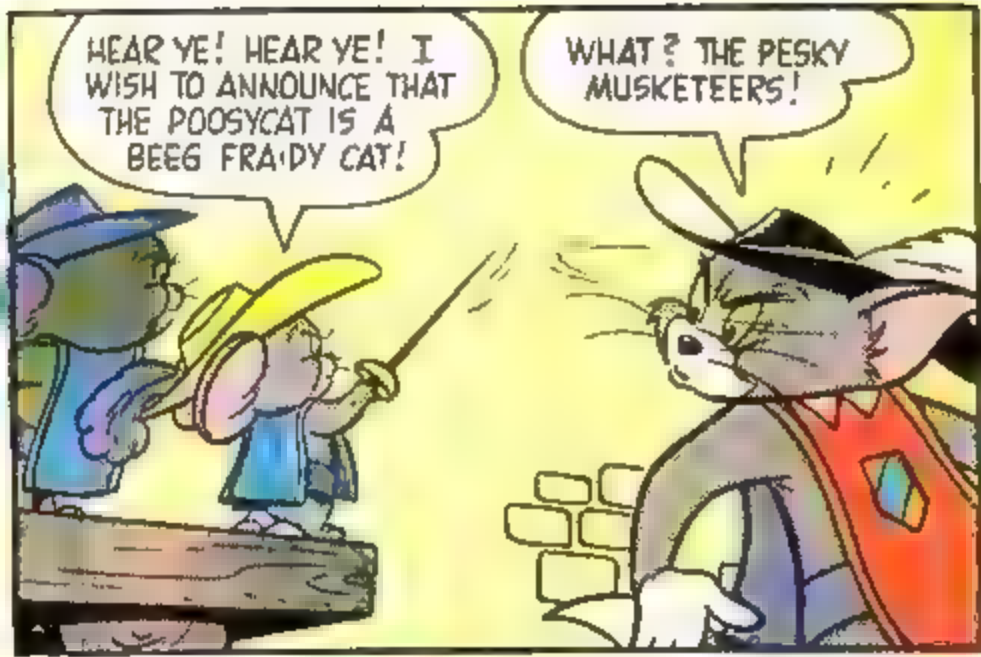
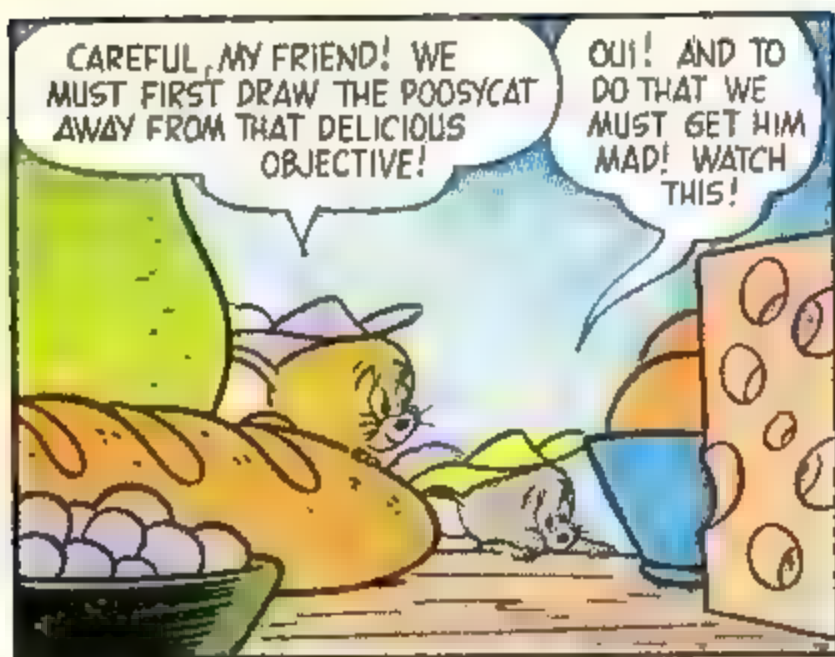
YES, YOUR  
MAJESTY!  
(GULP!)



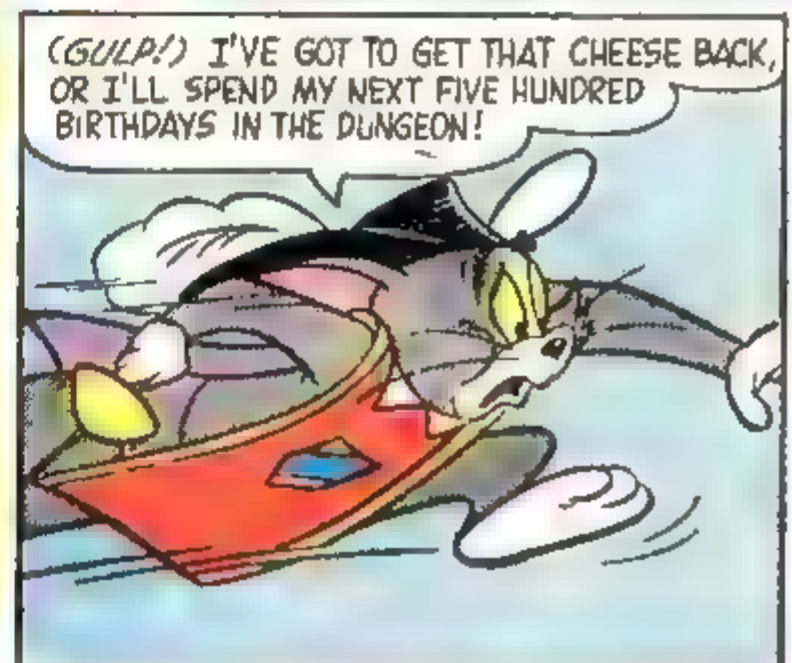
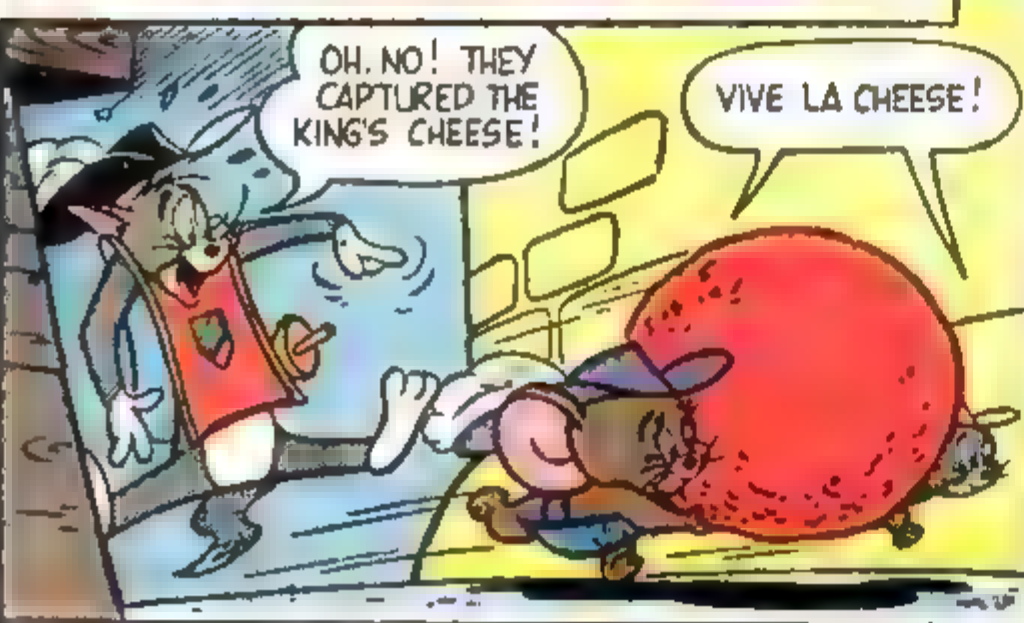
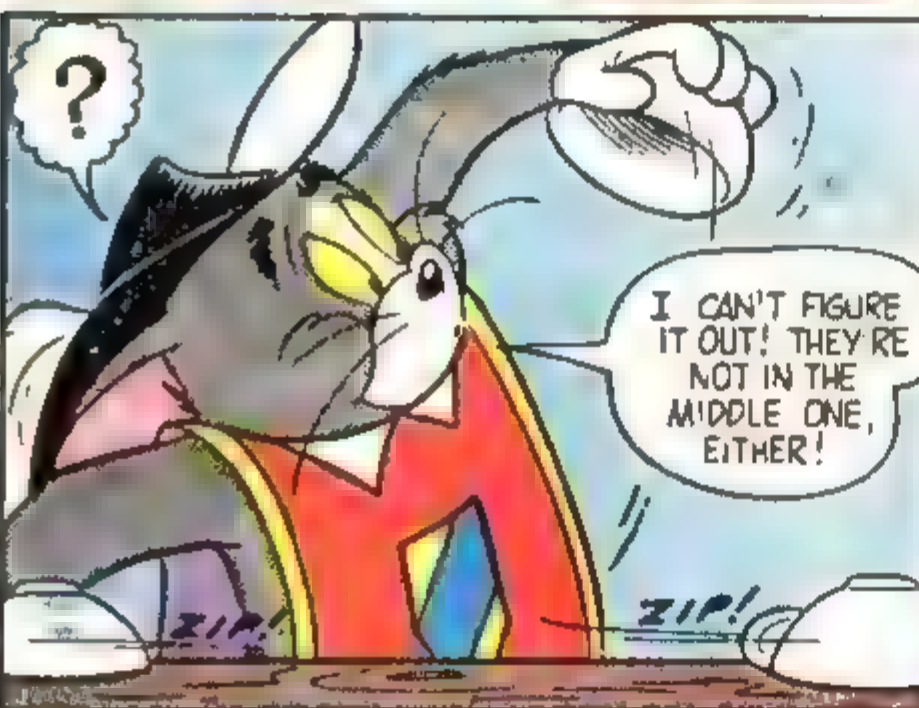
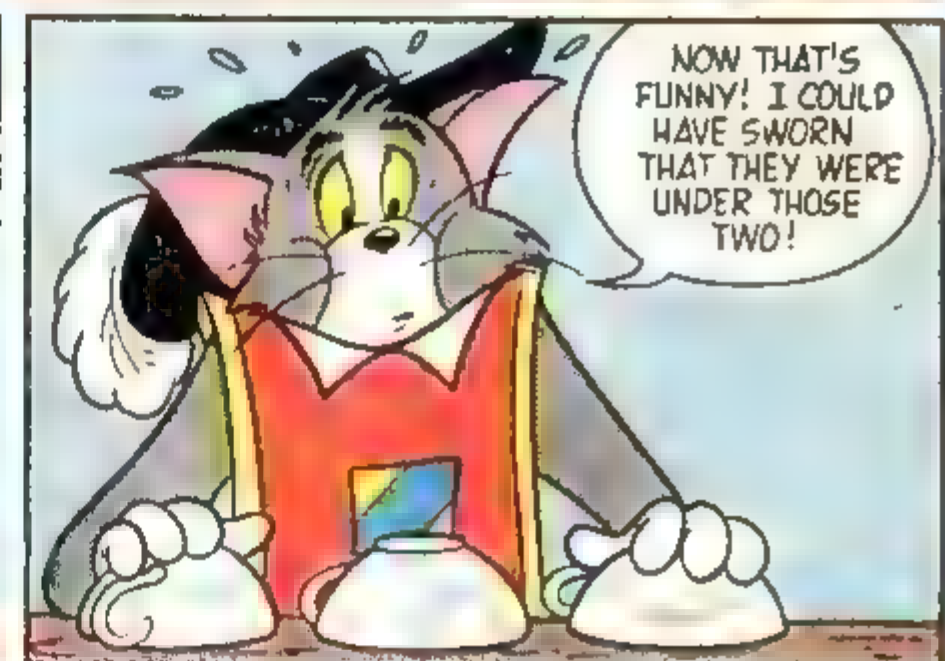
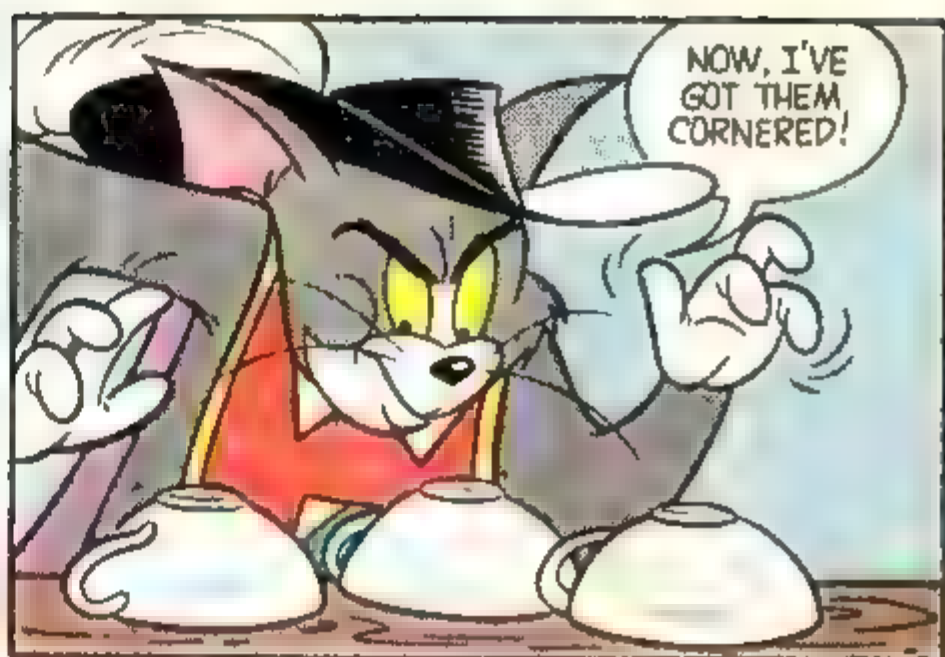




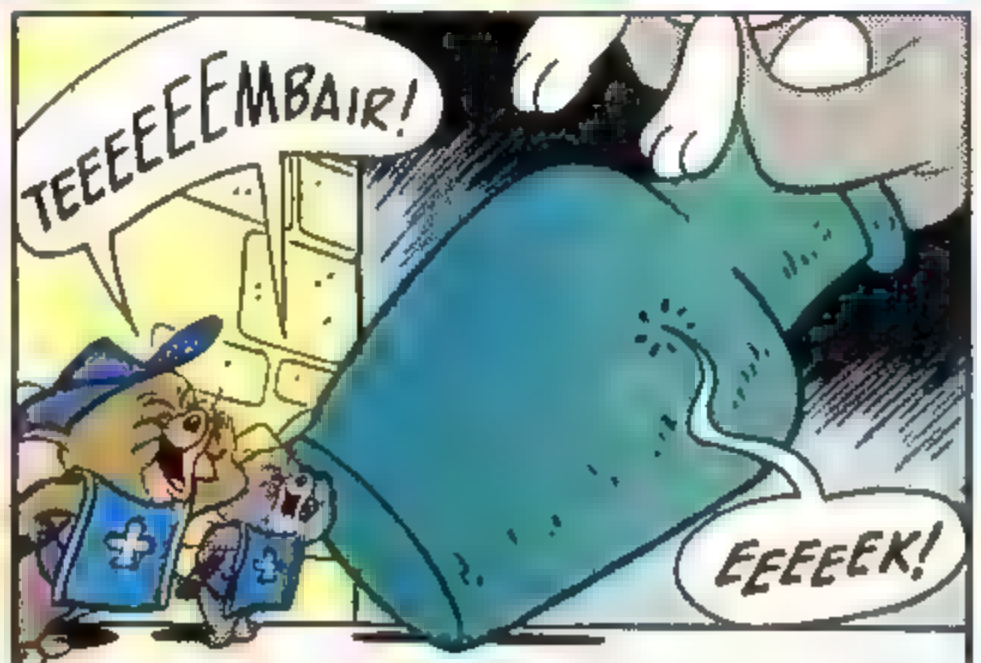
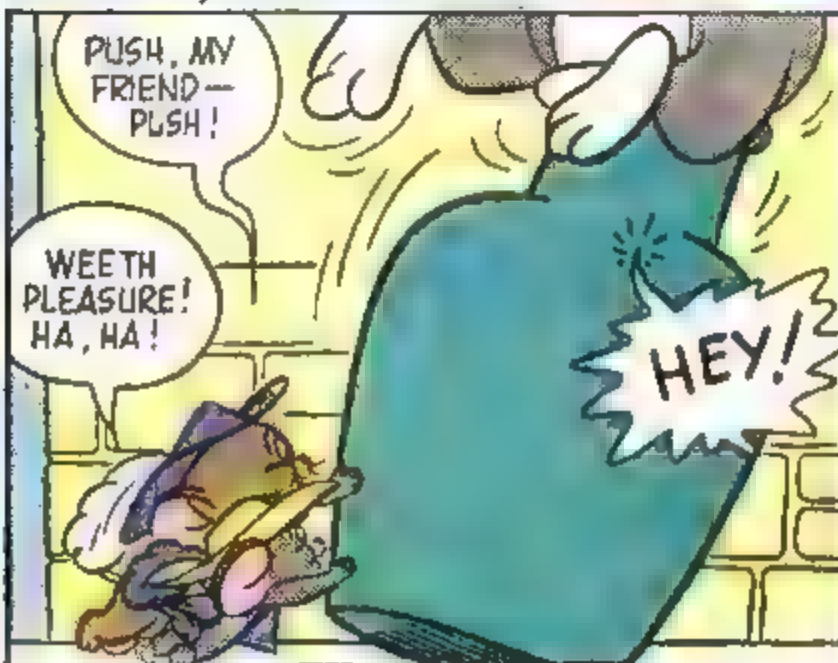
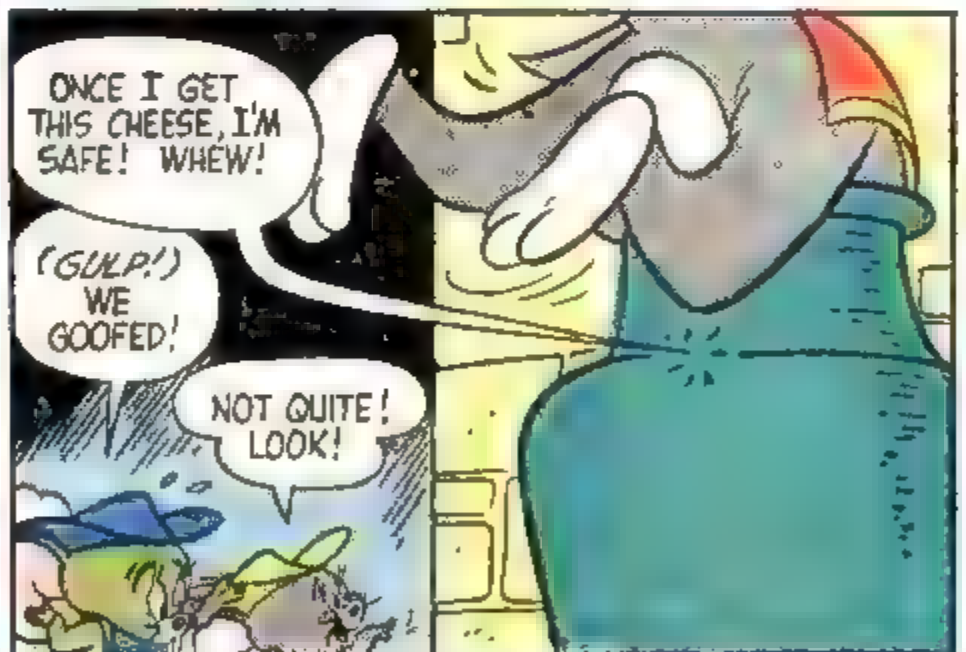
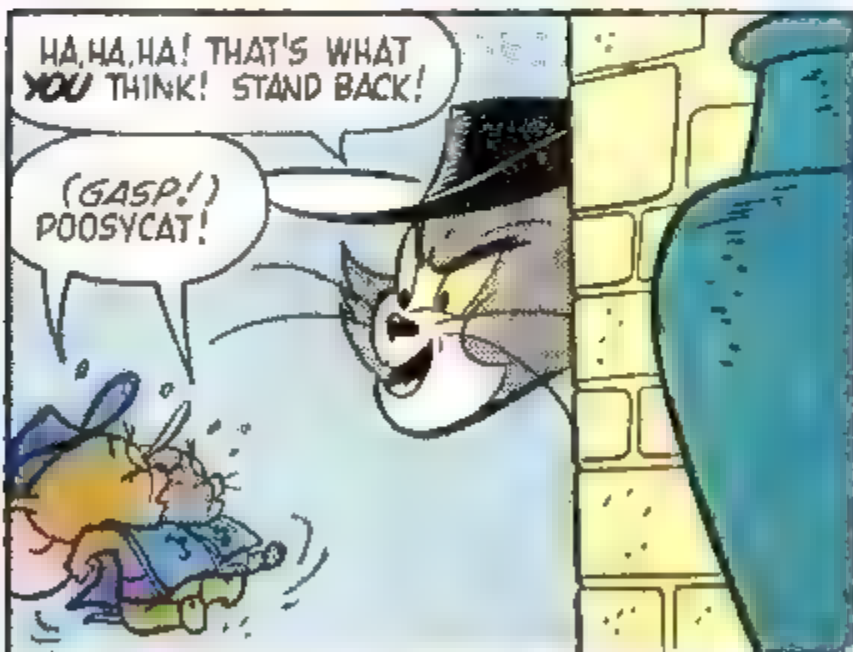
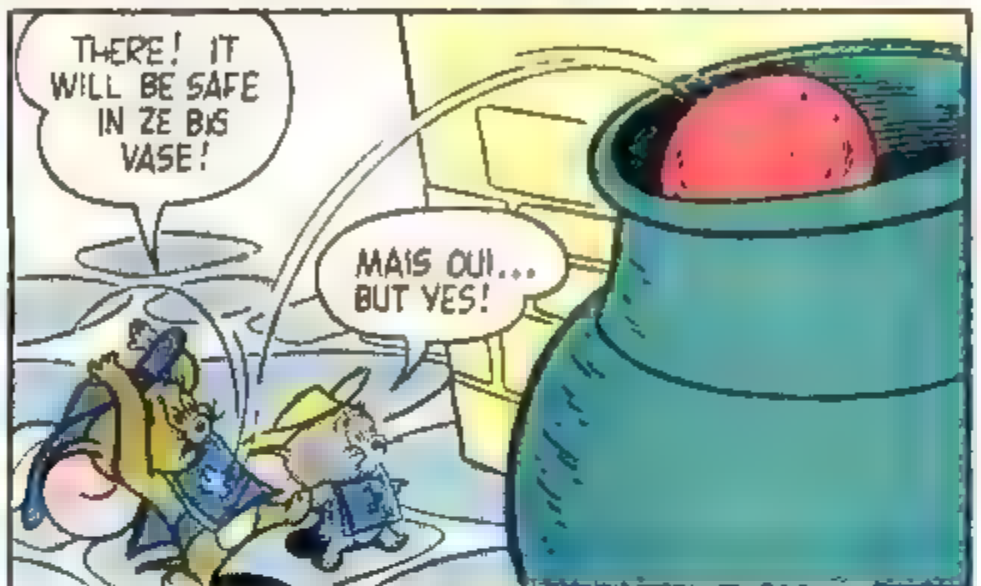
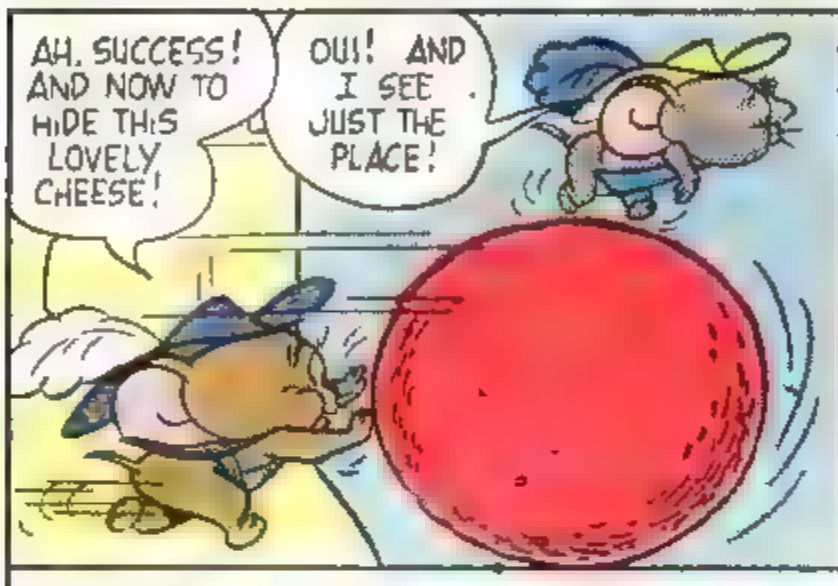
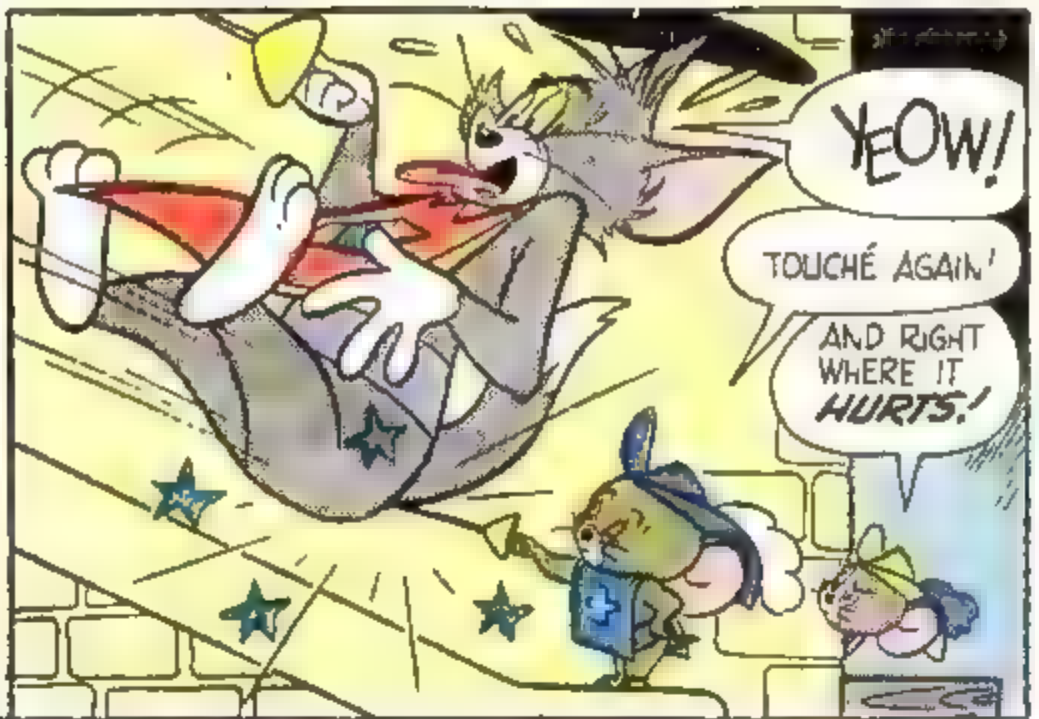
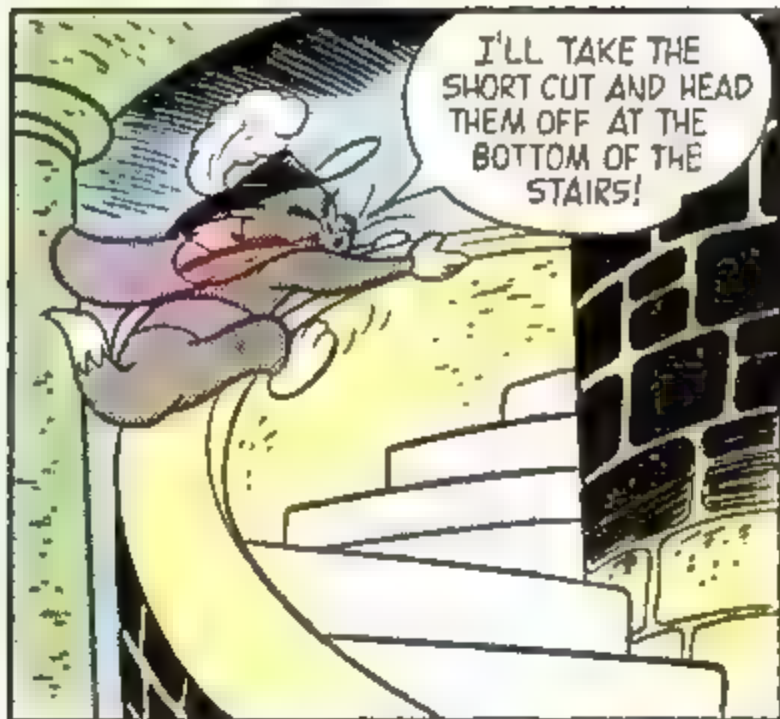




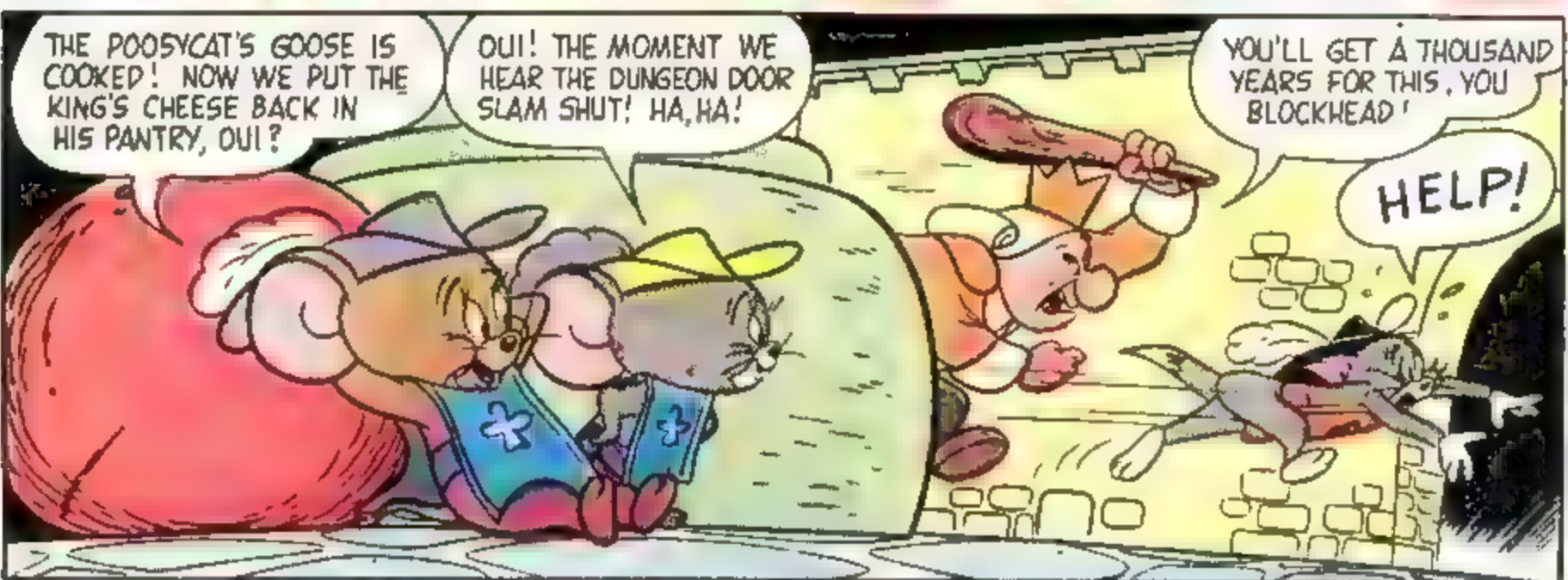
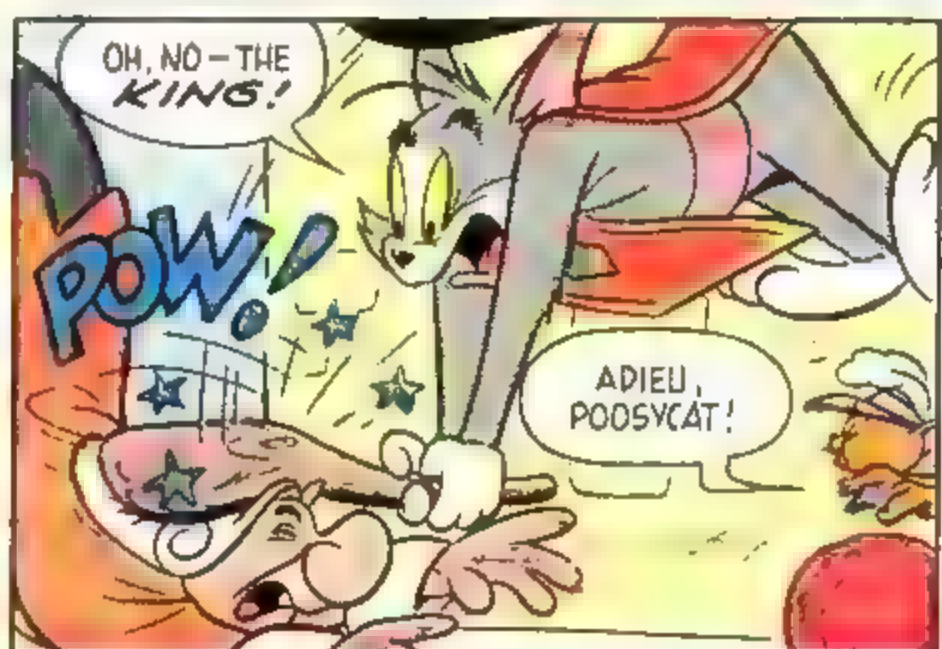
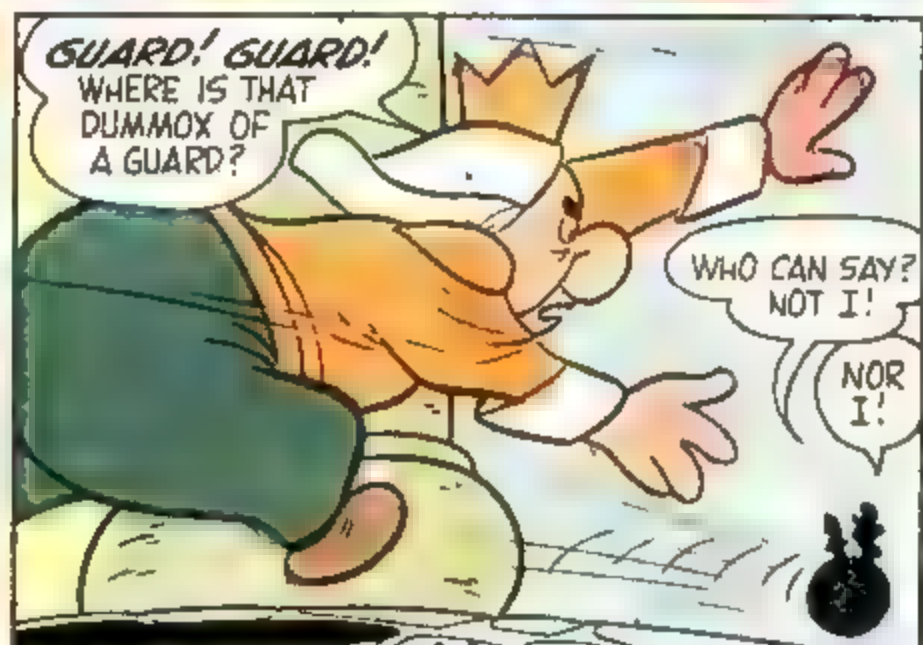
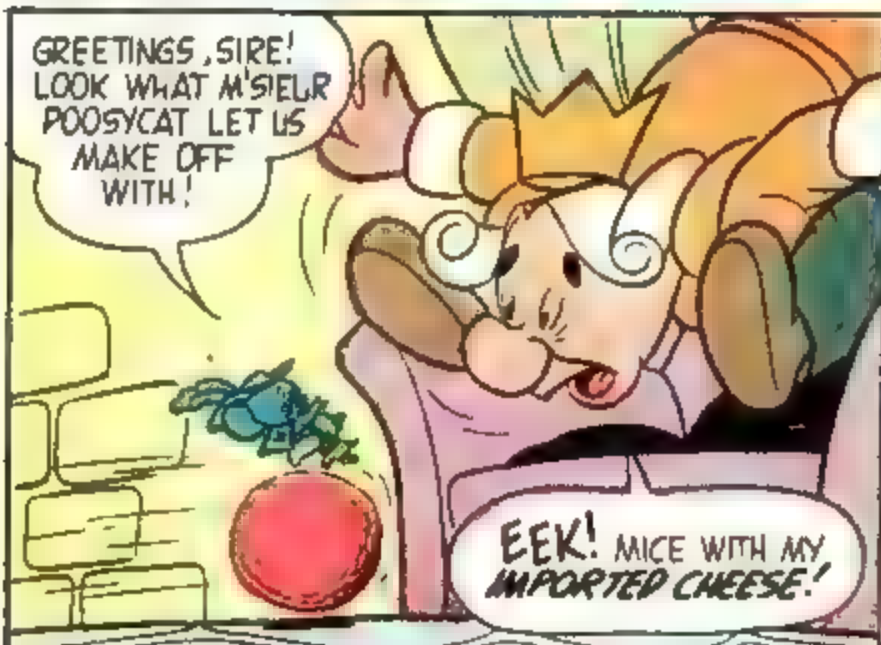
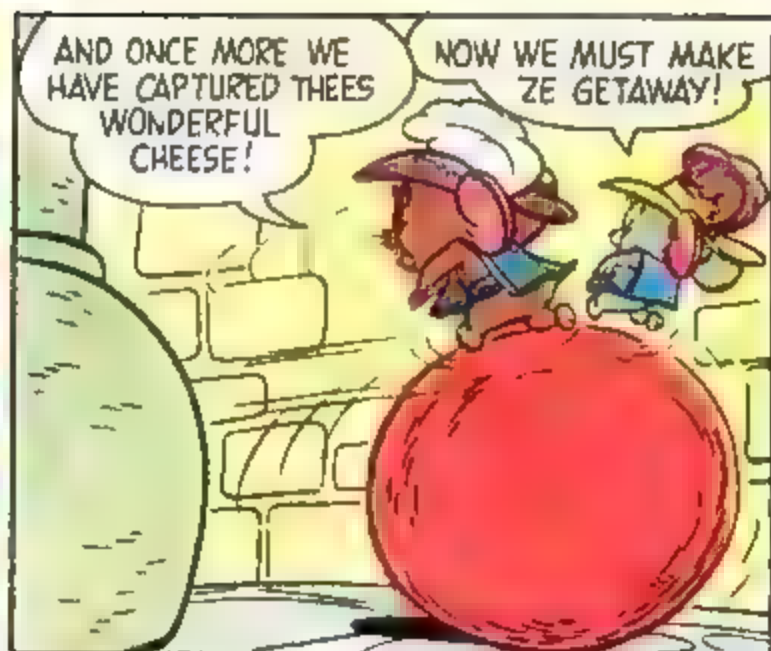
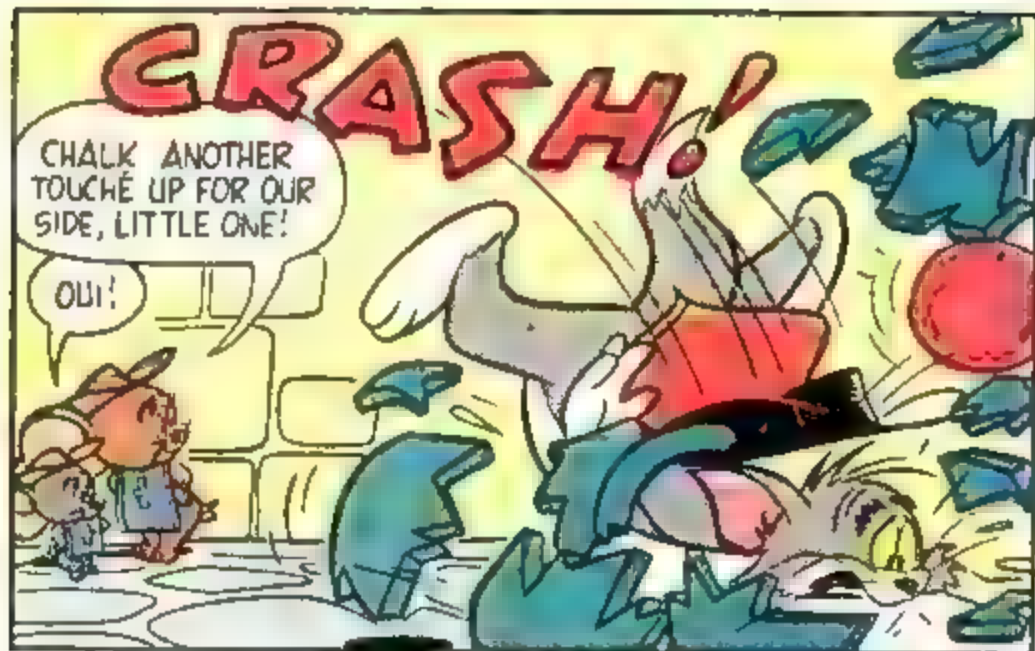














M-G-M CARTOONS  
present

# Big SPIKE and Little TYKE in

**PEDIGREE PUPS**



SO LONG, RAGS!  
GOOD BY, ROCKY!  
SAY HELLO TO  
THE GANG!

IT WAS NICE  
YAPPIN'  
WITH YOU,  
SPIKE!

UGH! SUCH  
LOWBROW  
MUTTS!

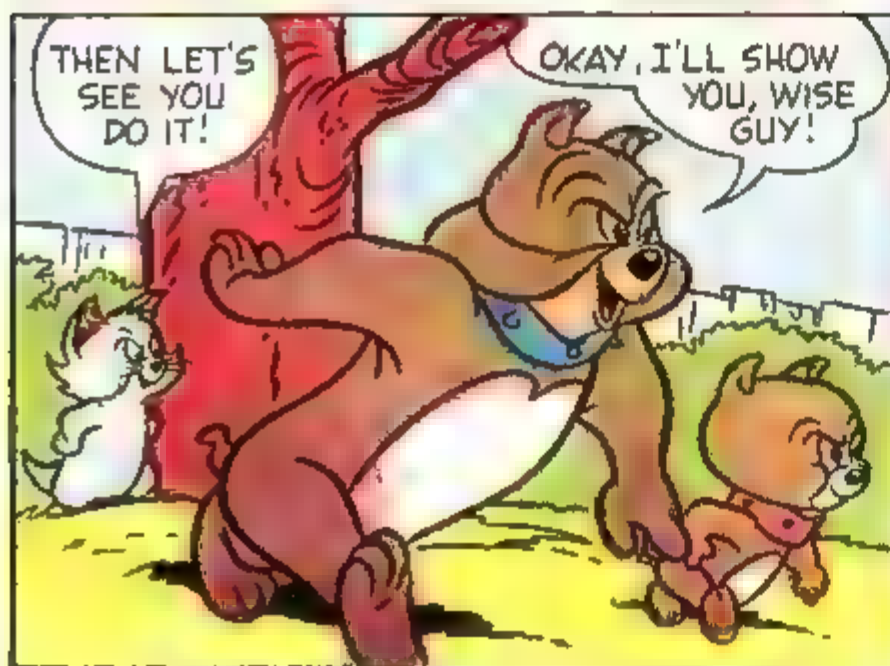


OUR YARD'S ALWAYS  
FULL OF YOUR MANGY  
MONGREL FRIENDS!



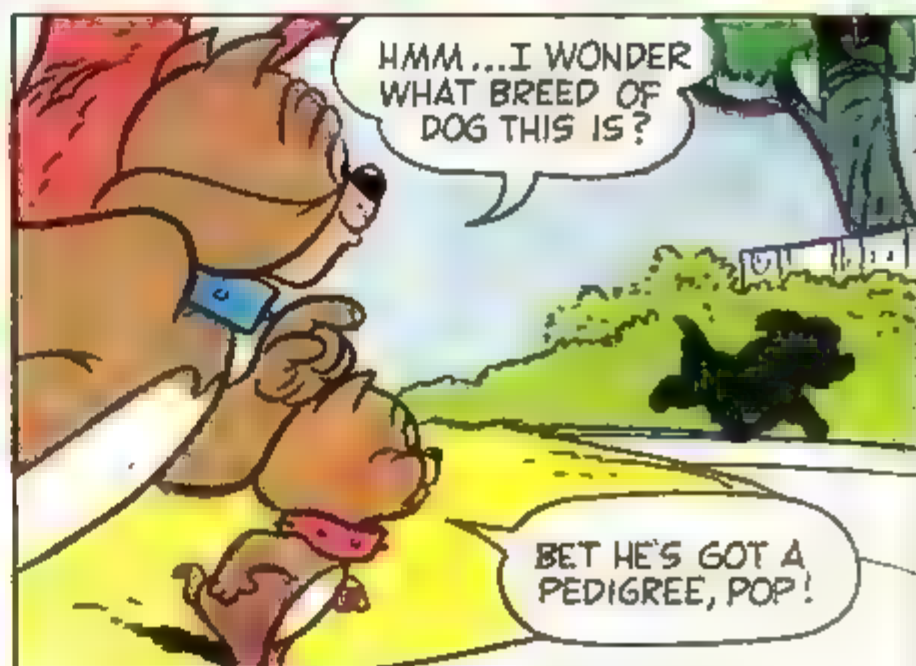
CAN'T YOU GET  
A BETTER  
CLASS OF DOGS  
TO VISIT YOU?

HUMPH! I COULD HAVE  
**THOROUGHbred**  
VISITORS, IF I  
WANTED TO!



THEN LET'S  
SEE YOU  
DO IT!

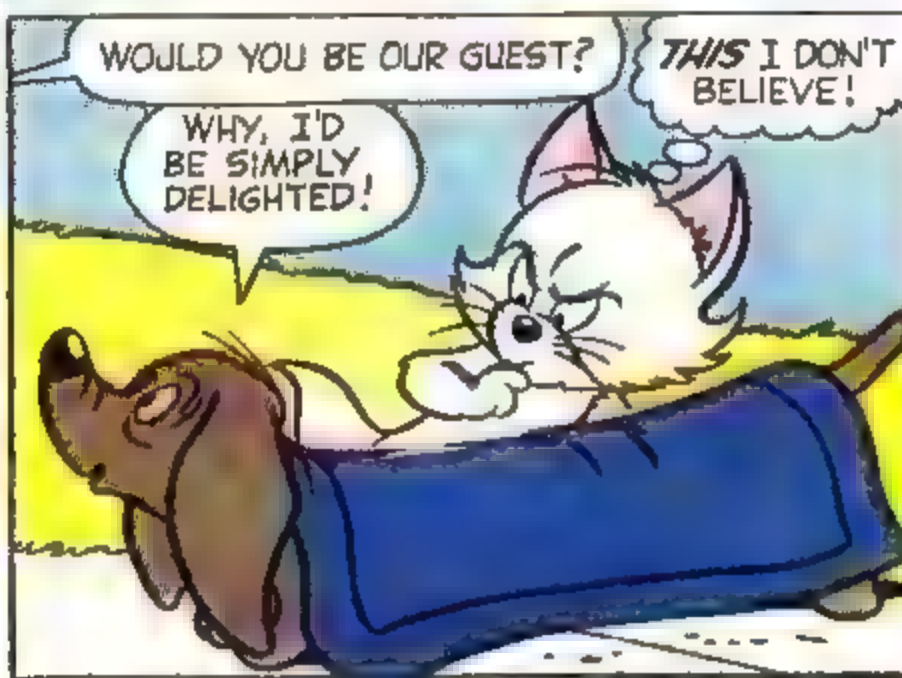
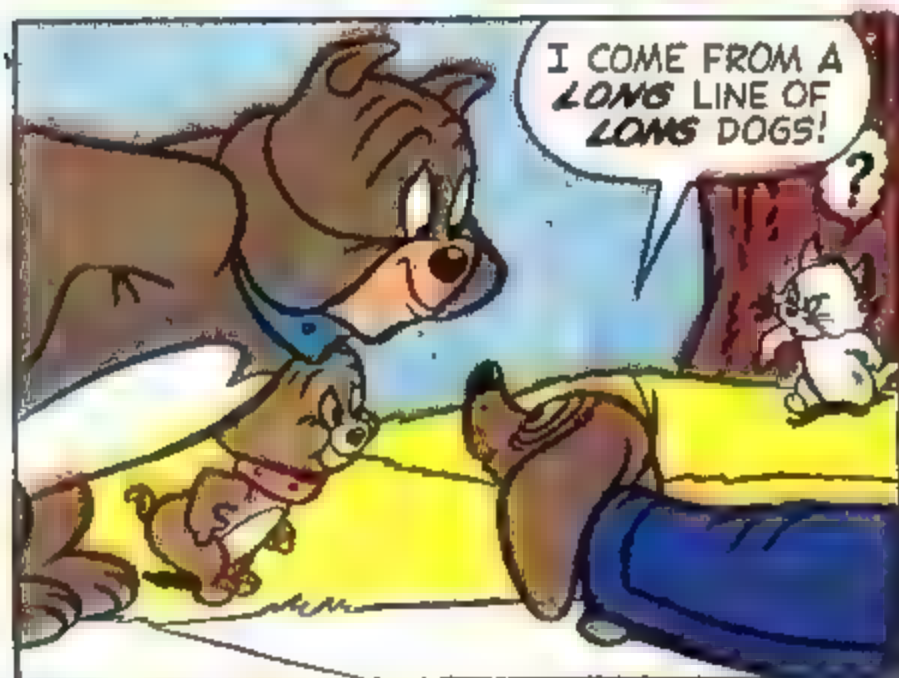
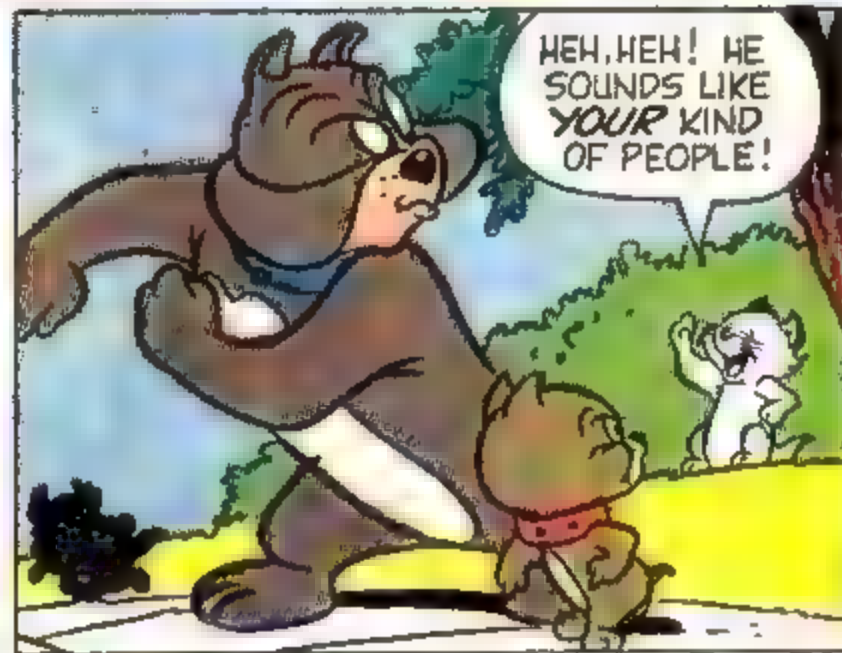
OKAY, I'LL SHOW  
YOU, WISE  
GUY!



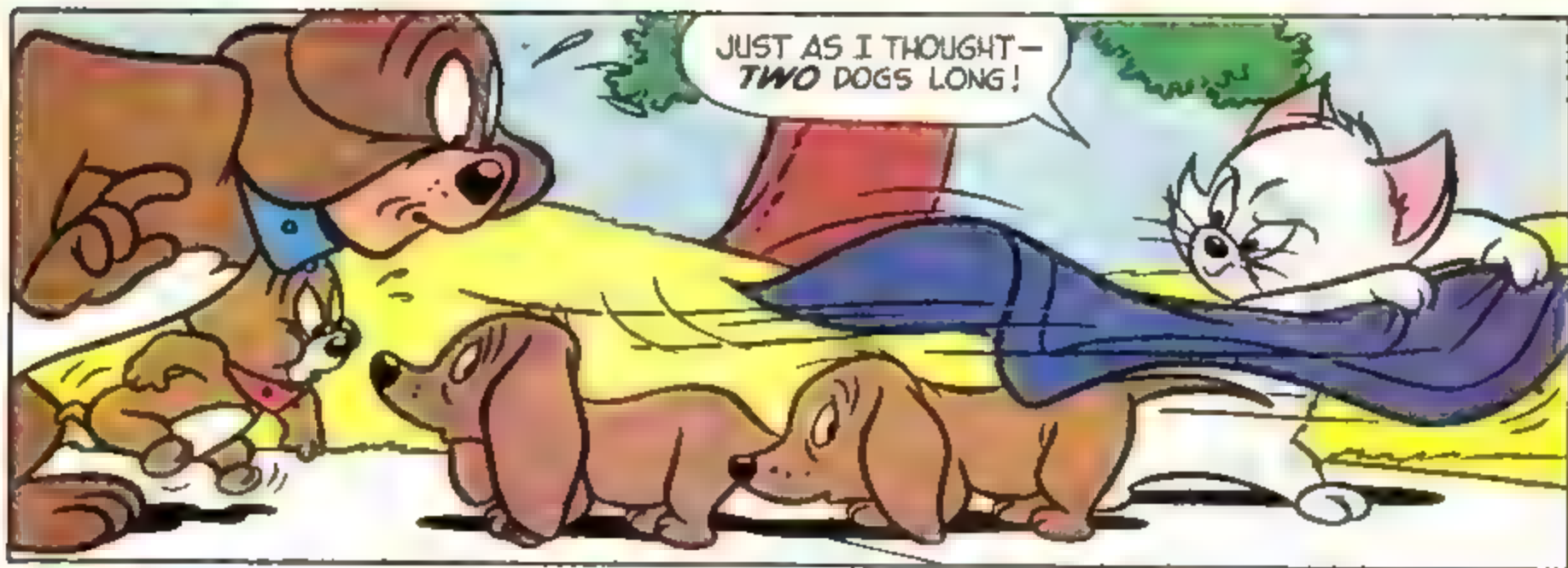
HMM...I WONDER  
WHAT BREED OF  
DOG THIS IS?

BET HE'S GOT A  
PEDIGREE, POP!

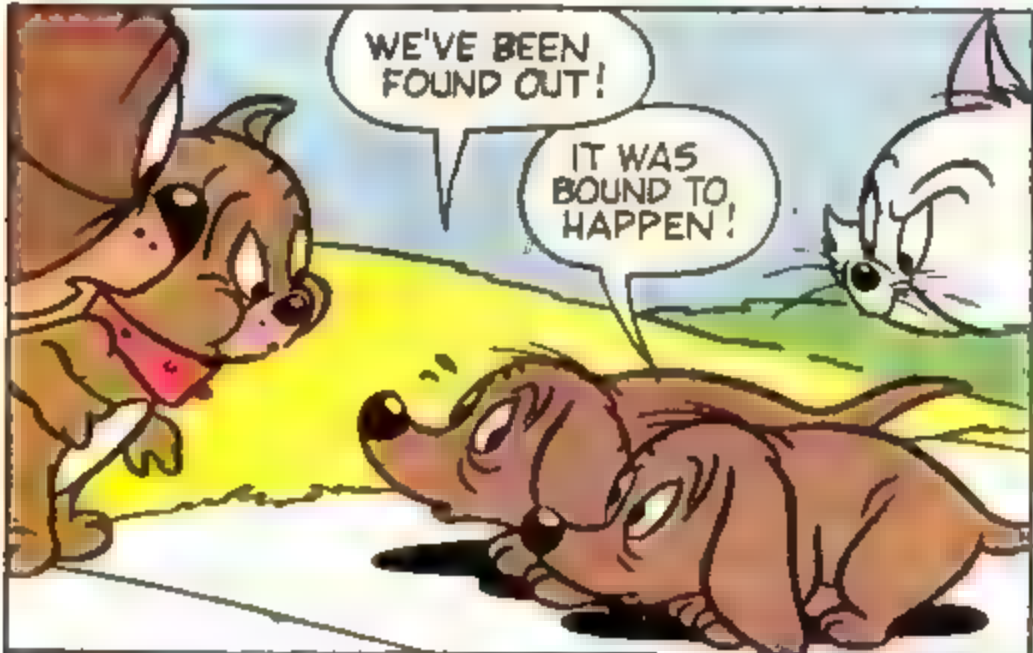








JUST AS I THOUGHT—  
TWO DOGS LONG!



WE'VE BEEN  
FOUND OUT!

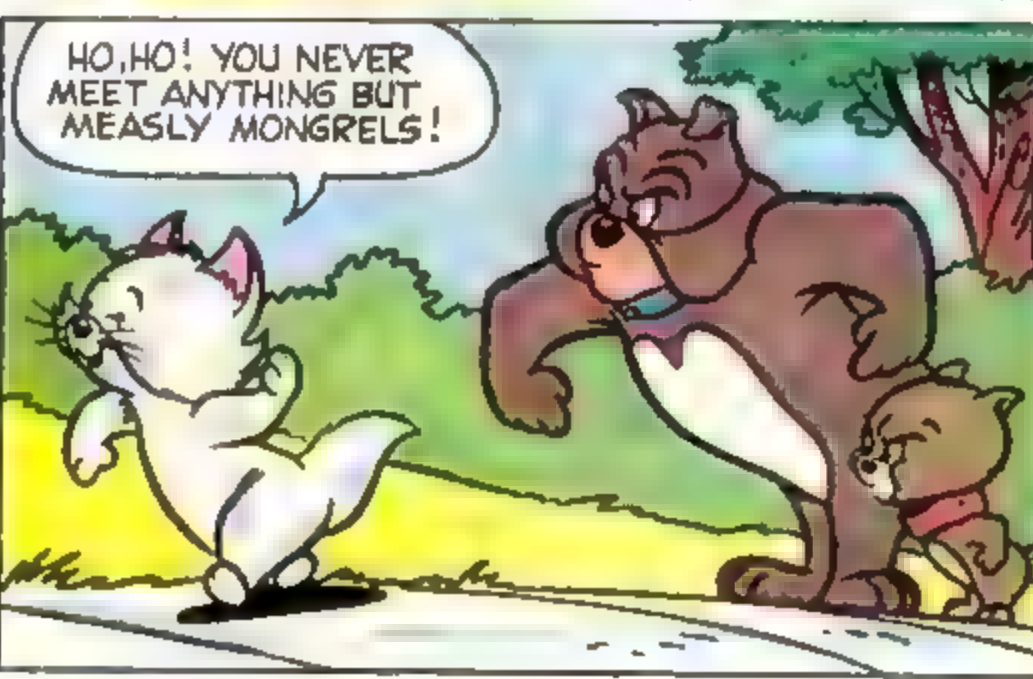
IT WAS  
BOUND TO  
HAPPEN!



MY BROTHER  
SHORTY AND  
I HAVE BEEN  
IMPERSONATING  
A WENIE DOG...



'CAUSE WE'RE JUST  
A COUPLE OF  
HALF-PINT  
POOCHES!

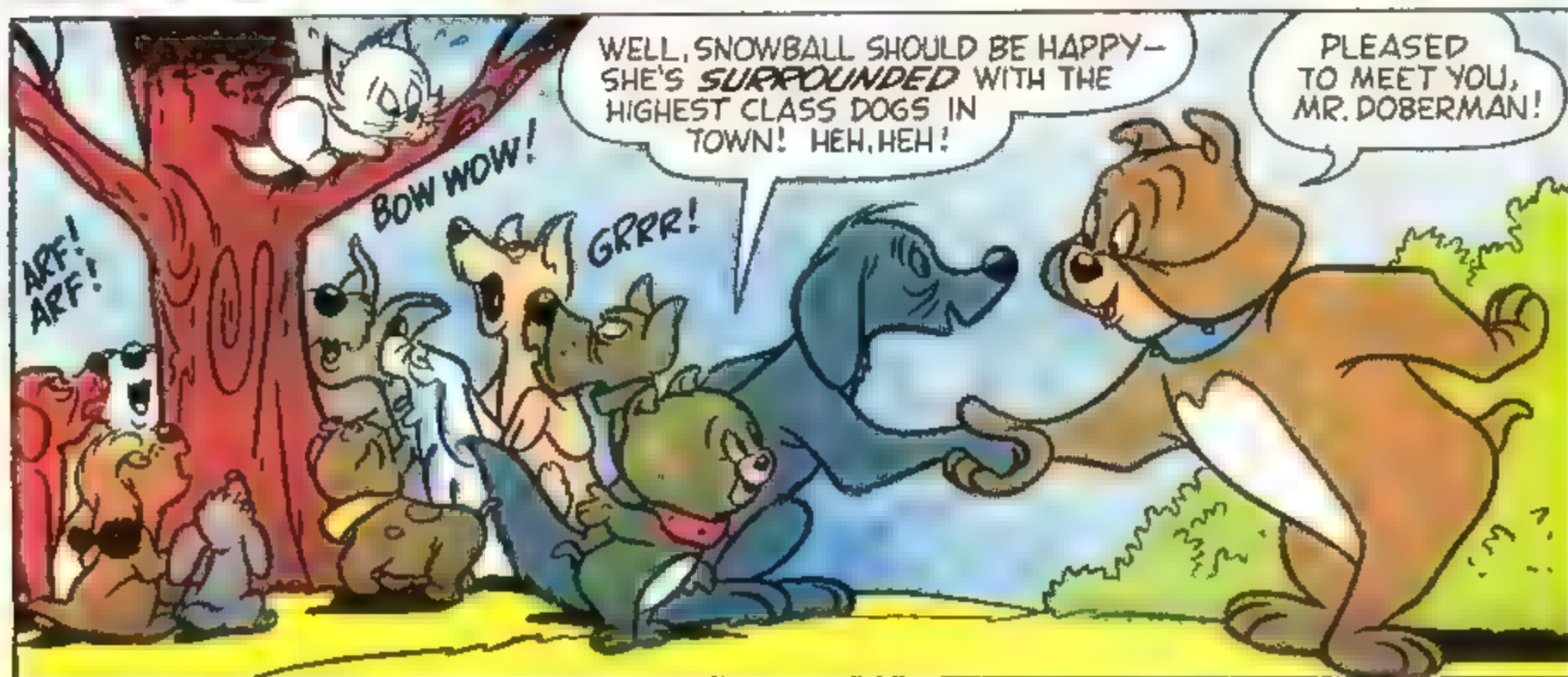
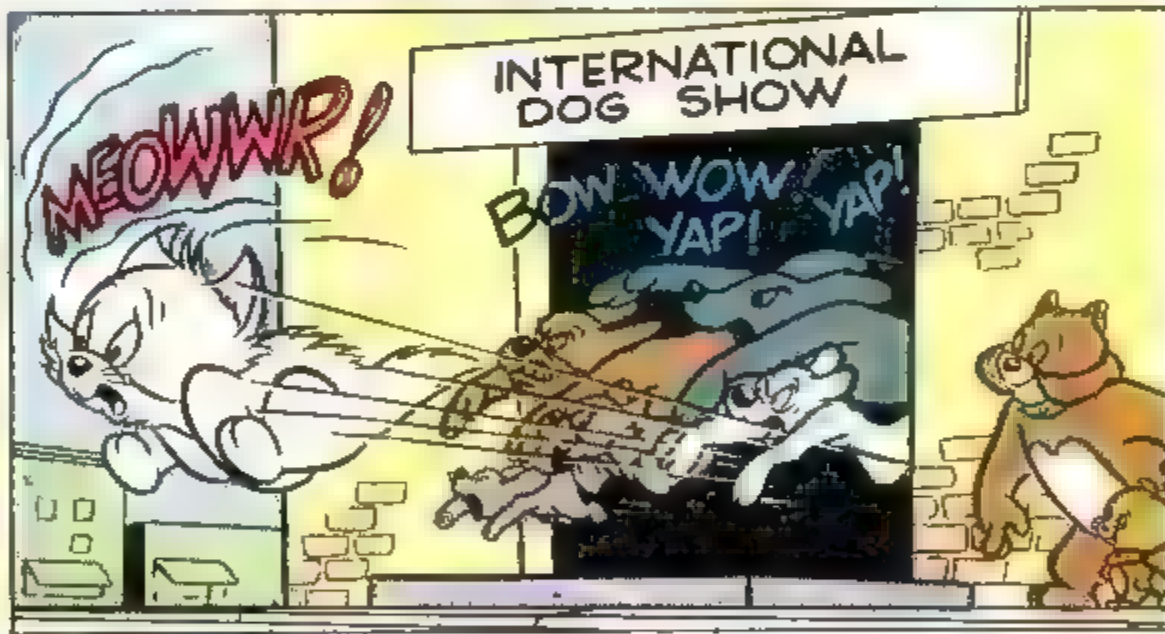
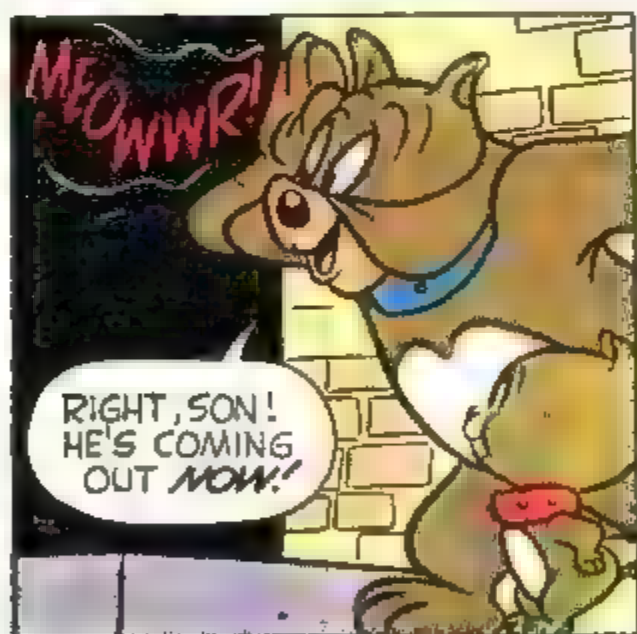
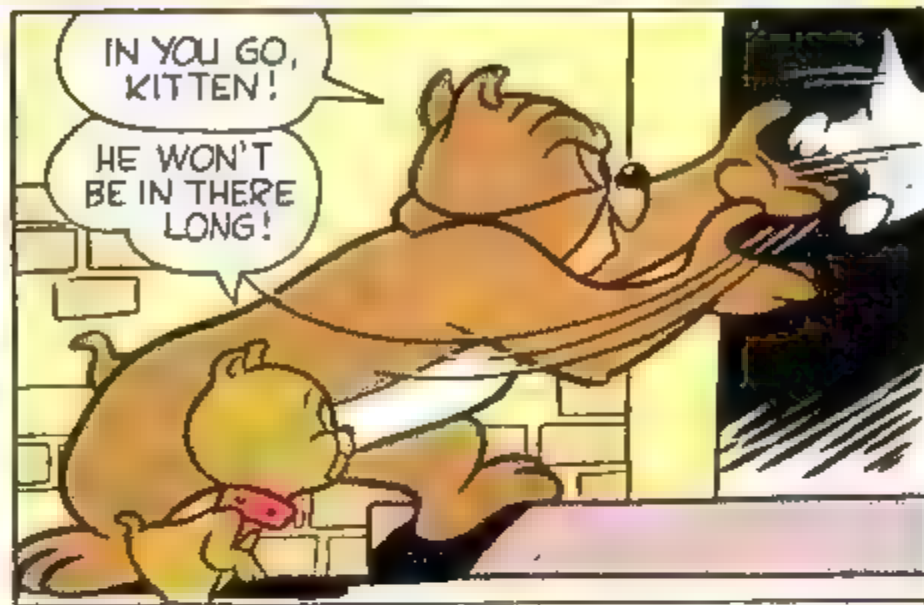
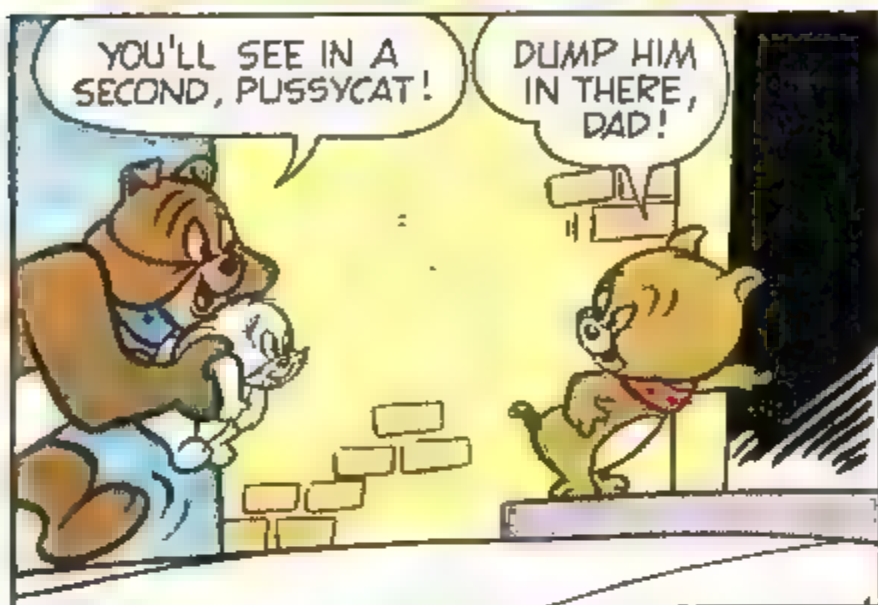


HO, HO! YOU NEVER  
MEET ANYTHING BUT  
MEASLY MONGRELS!



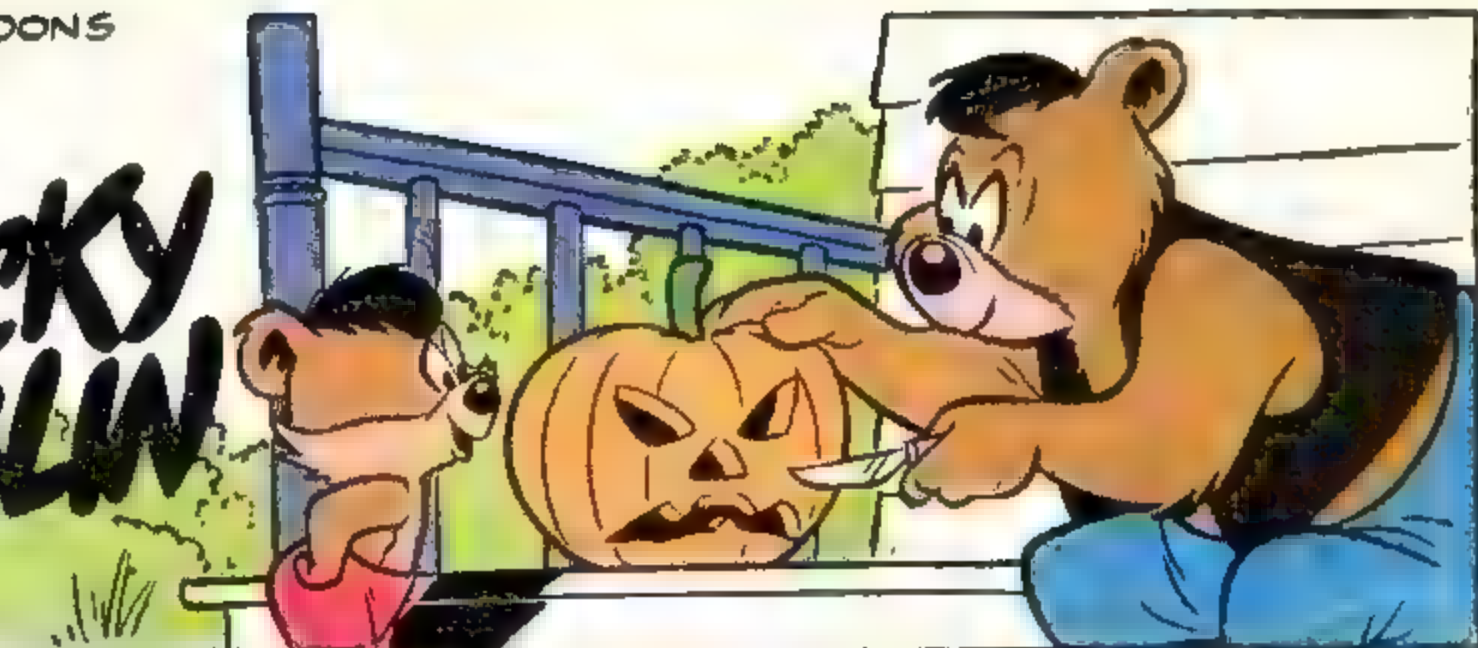
SON, HOW ARE WE EVER GOING TO  
GET ACQUAINTED WITH SOME  
PEDIGREED FRIENDS?







# The TRICKY GOBLIN



"That sure is a dandy jack-o'-lantern, Unc," Fuzzy Bear exclaimed, as he watched Barney Bear put the finishing touch on the grinning face of a big yellow pumpkin. "You sure made it scary!"

Barney nodded. "This is Halloween," he reminded his nephew. "A jack-o'-lantern's got to look scary to shoo away goblins!"

Fuzzy looked at Barney curiously. "Do you believe in goblins, Unc?"

Barney laughed nervously. "Of course not," he scoffed, setting the pumpkin on the porch rail and heading into the house. "That's the silliest thing I ever heard!"

Fuzzy chuckled as the door banged shut. "Somehow," he grinned, "Uncle Barney does not sound really convinced."

"Pst, Fuzzy," a voice hissed nearby.

Fuzzy wheeled in his tracks. "Oh, it's you, Wuzzy," he said in a voice of relief. "What are you creeping around for?"

"Look what I found," Wuzzy whispered, as he held up a baby owl.

"Say, he's cute," Fuzzy murmured, "but why all this secrecy?"

"Do you remember what Uncle Barney told us the last time we found a pet?" Wuzzy asked in a low voice. "He really put his foot down—no more pets!"

The little owl blinked its big eyes. "Whooo! Whooo," he wailed.

"That's right," Fuzzy recalled. Then he snapped his fingers. "Say, I have an idea!" he said, pointing to the jack-o'-lantern. "See what Unc's rigged up to keep goblins away! Let's make him think that the owl's a goblin, and when he finds out that it is not one, he'll be so happy that he'll let us keep the bird forever, maybe!"

"It's a big maybe," Wuzzy said hopefully,

"but it's worth a try. What do we do?"

The two little brothers conspired together happily. "I know," Fuzzy cried at last. "Let's put the owl in the jack-o'-lantern and get Uncle Barney out here!" His eyes twinkled merrily. "I have a feeling the rest will take care of itself!"

Wuzzy's face lighted up. "Come on, we'll have to hurry before Unc gets in bed."

Barney Bear was hard to persuade. He was already in his long white nightshirt and the thought of going out on the dark porch did not appeal to him at all.

"But your jack-o'-lantern worked," said Fuzzy excitedly. "There's not a goblin in sight, all is clear!"

Barney adjusted his nightcap. "Natch," he said nonchalantly. "I told you that stuff was nonsense!" Reluctantly he crept down the stairs and out the front door.

"Turn on the porch light," Fuzzy whispered to his brother. "We want the owl to move in the jack-o'-lantern."

Wuzzy waited until Barney leaned over the jack-o'-lantern, then he pushed on the switch. Swoosh! The little owl shot out of the pumpkin and landed on Barney's head!

"H-Help!" Barney yelled. "Help!"

"Don't be scared," Fuzzy began. "It's only a little owl." Then suddenly, he felt something land on his own shoulder. Slowly he turned his head to one side and gasped, "What's that?"

"It's the papa owl!" Wuzzy cried. "And mama's on my shoulder! Boy, she's angry! Quick everyone, make a run for it!"

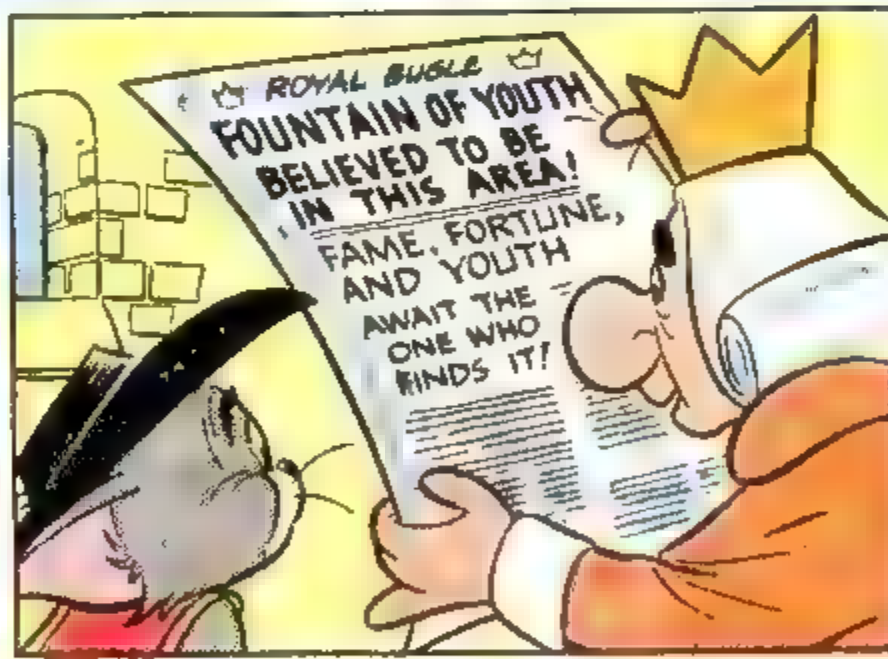
Barney was already on his way and Fuzzy and Wuzzy sped after him.

"When it comes to pets," Wuzzy decided firmly, "I sure don't give a hoot for owls!"

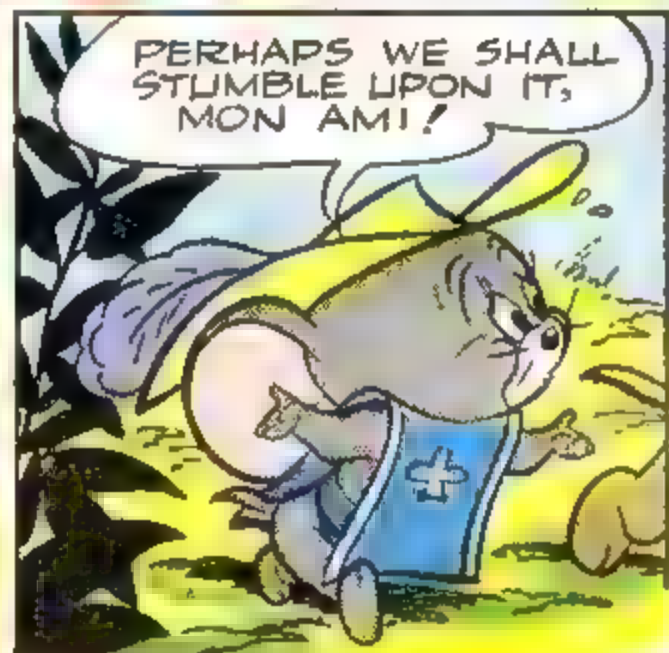
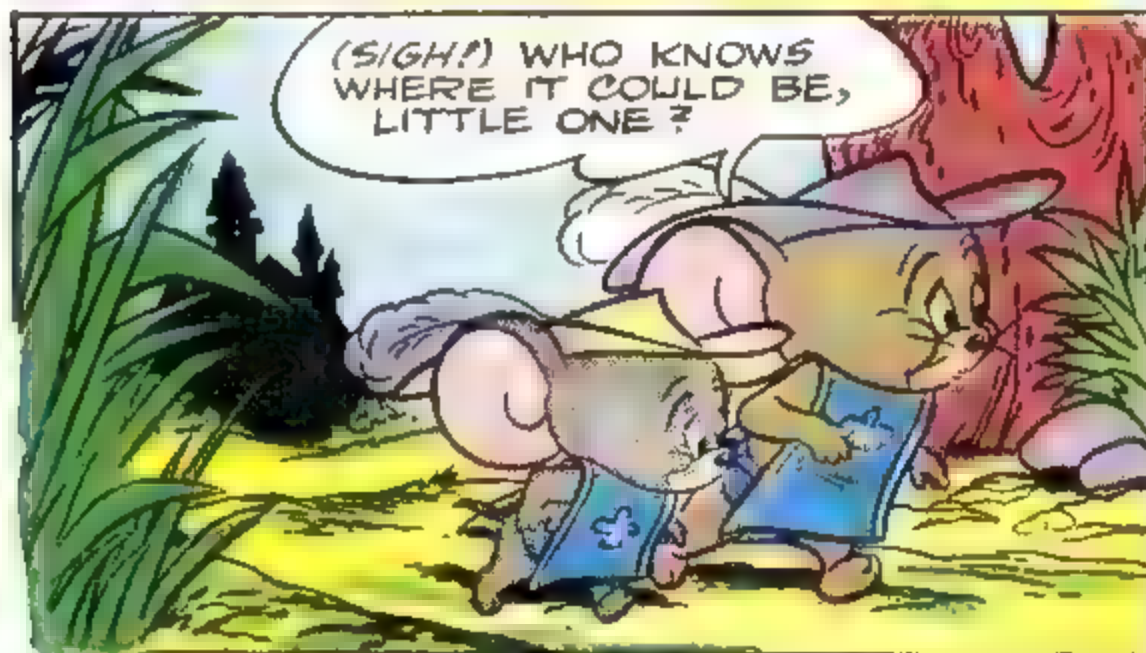
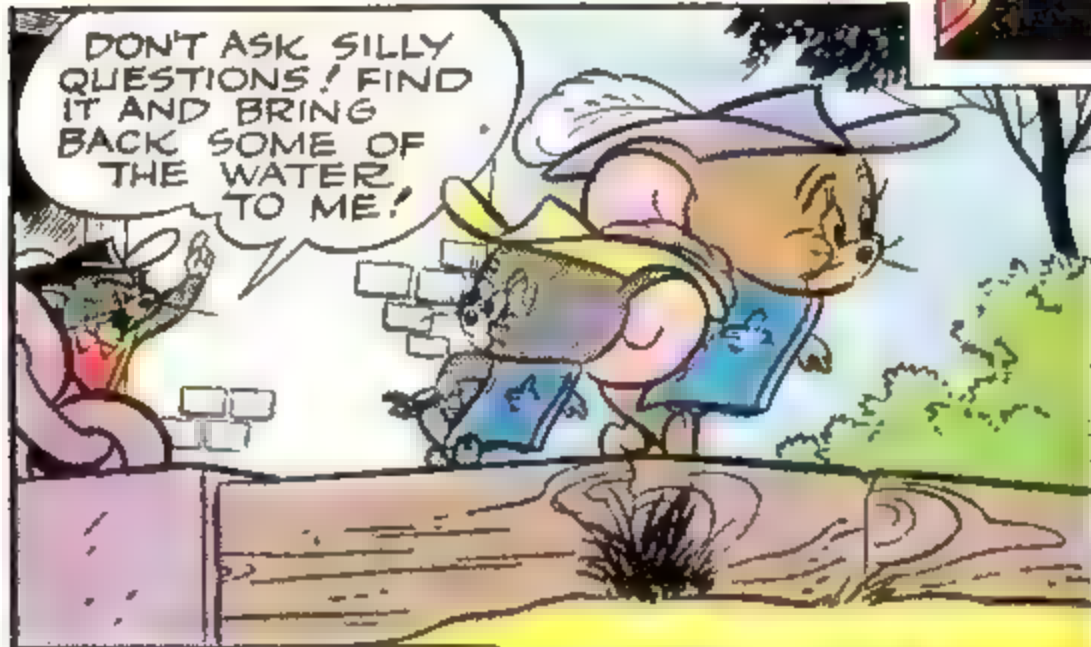
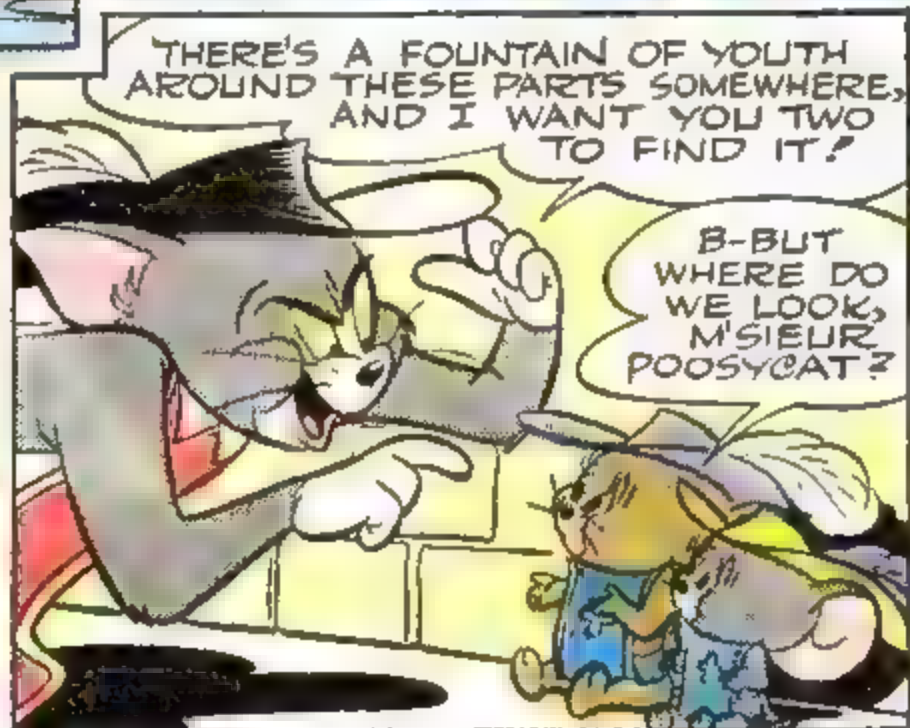
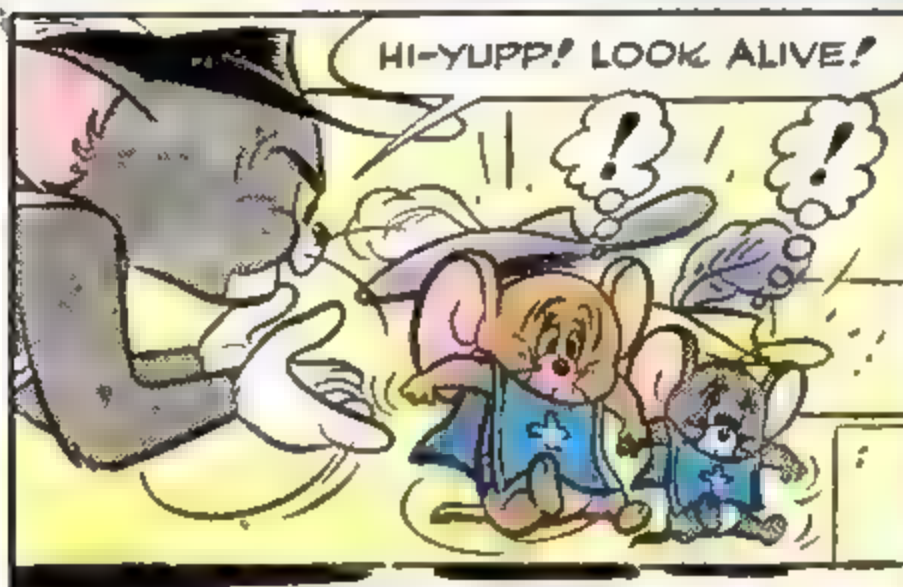
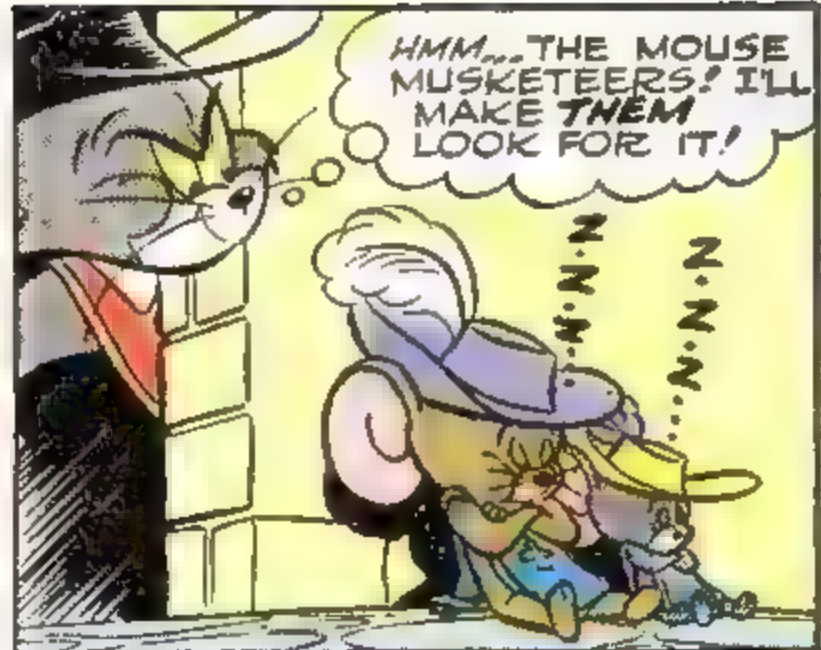


# Mouse Musketeers in

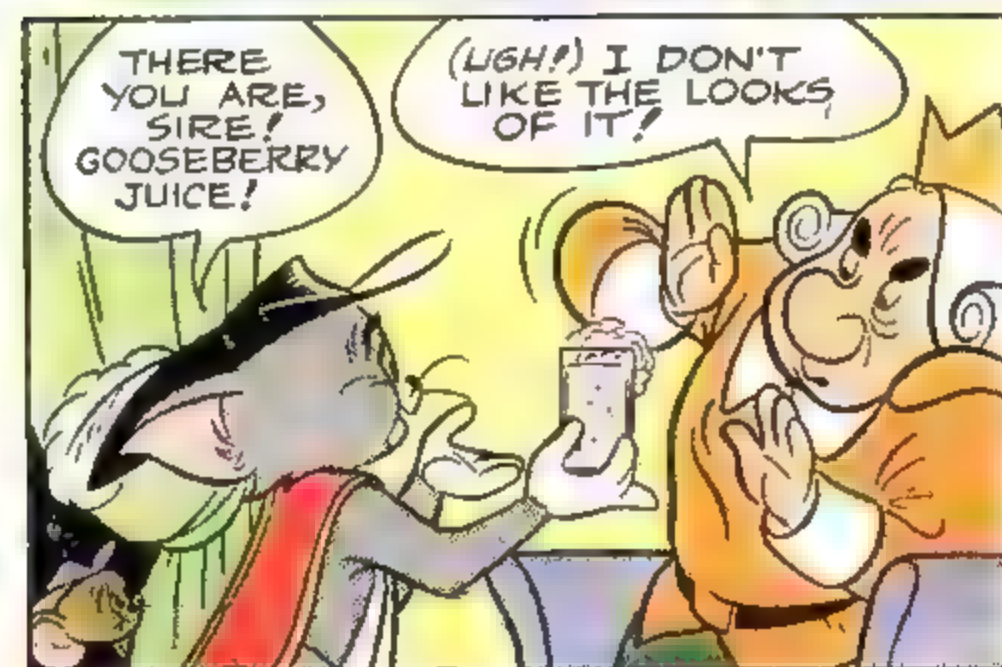
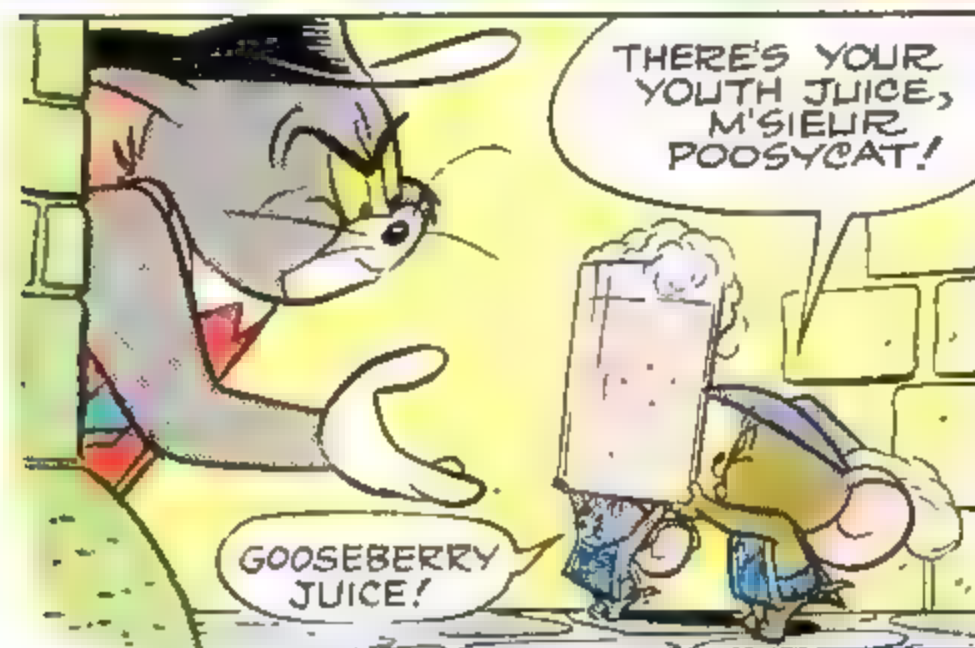
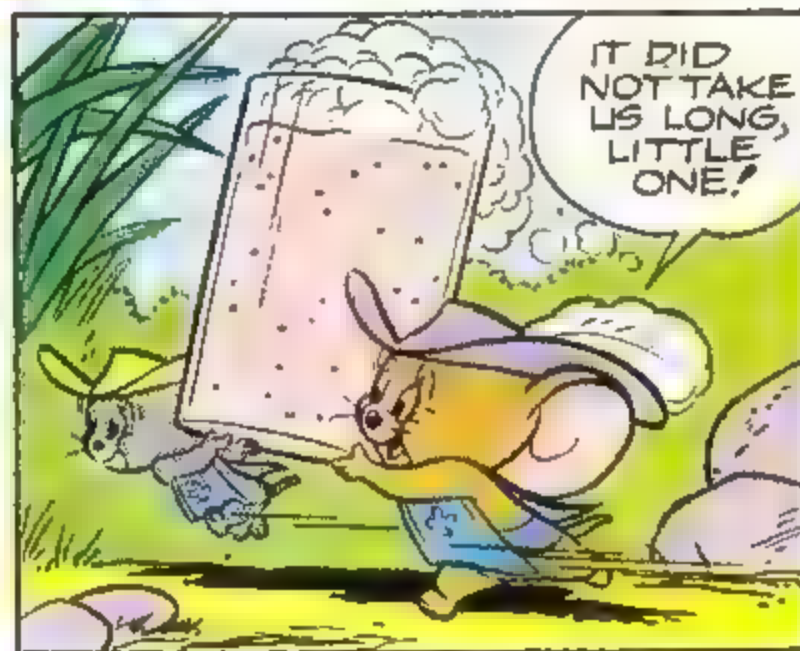
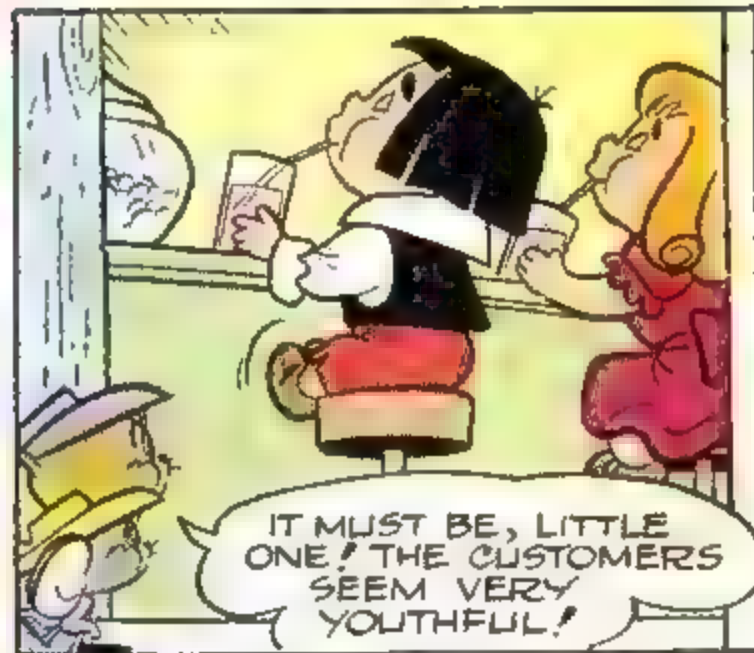
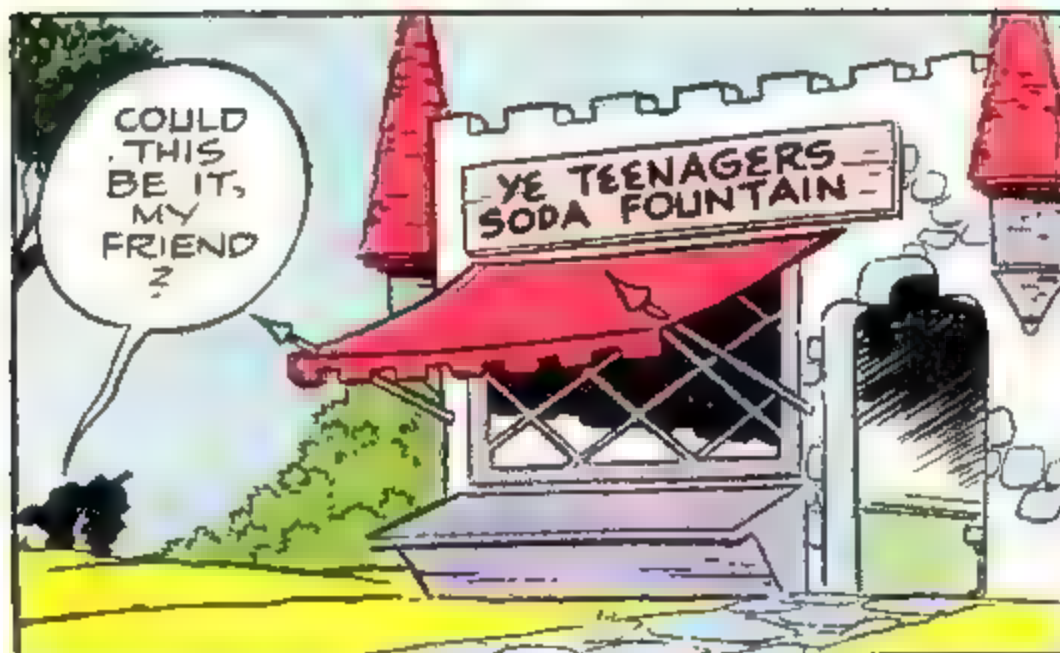
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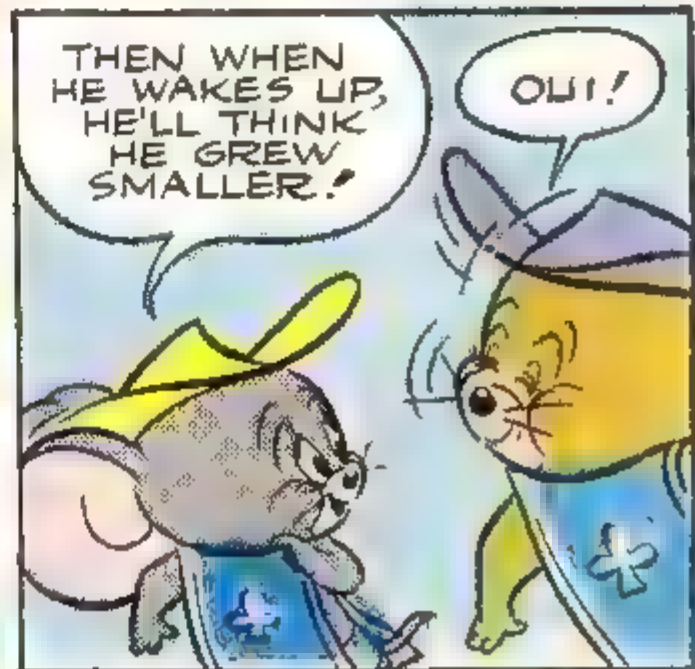
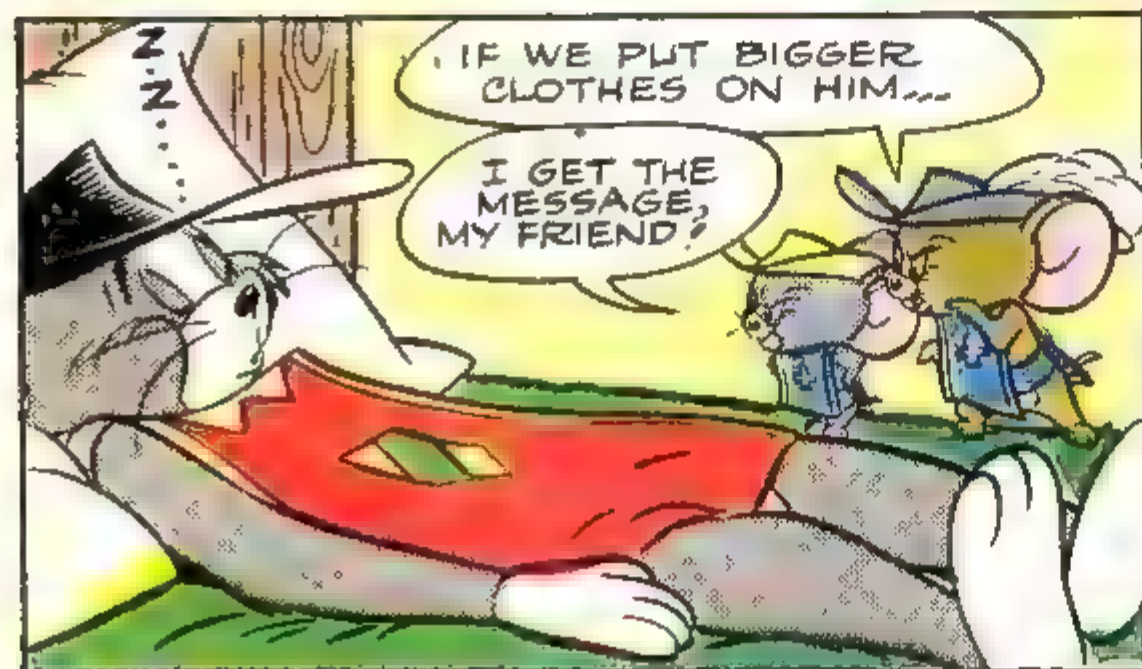
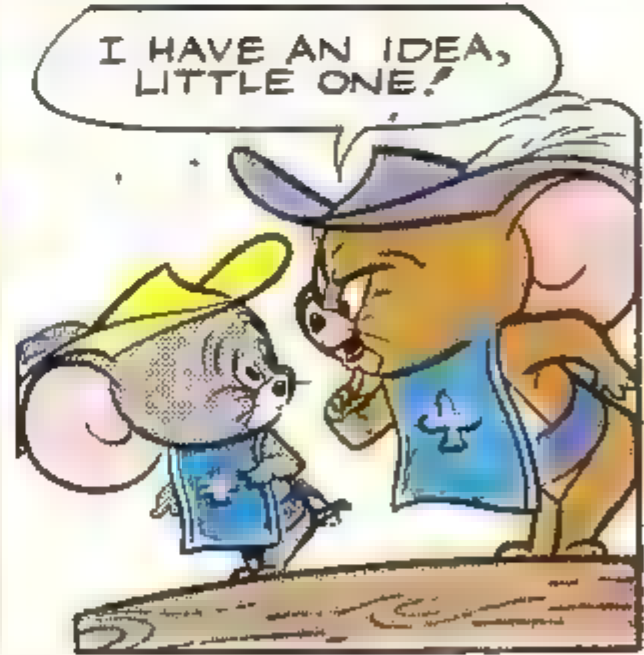
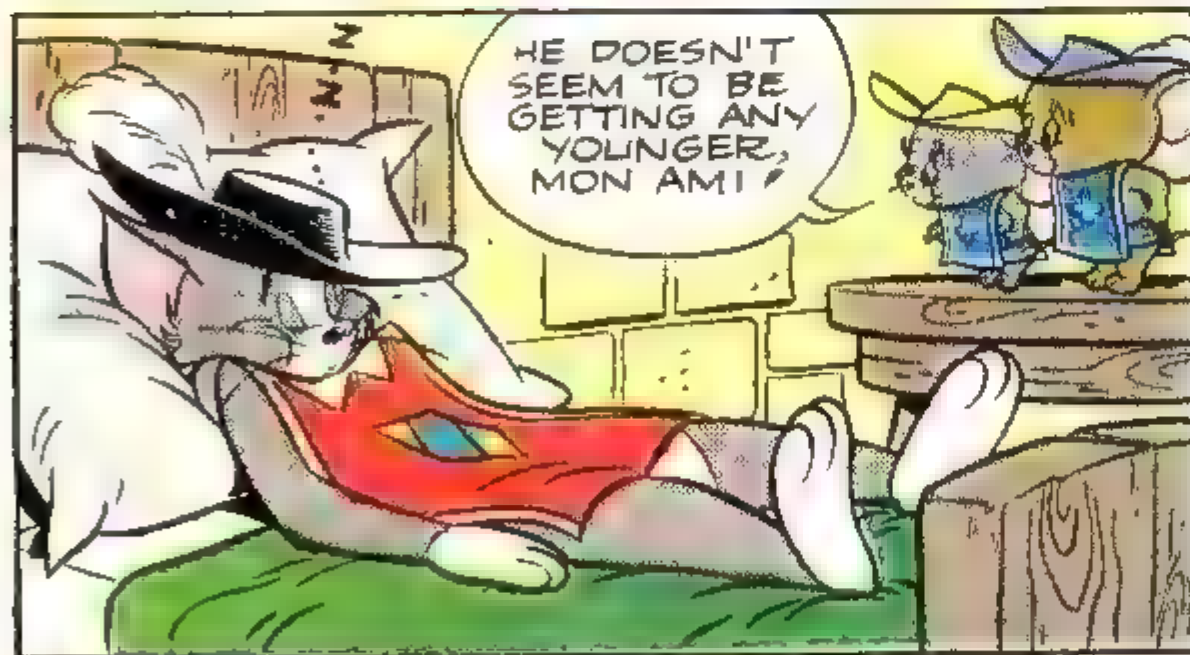
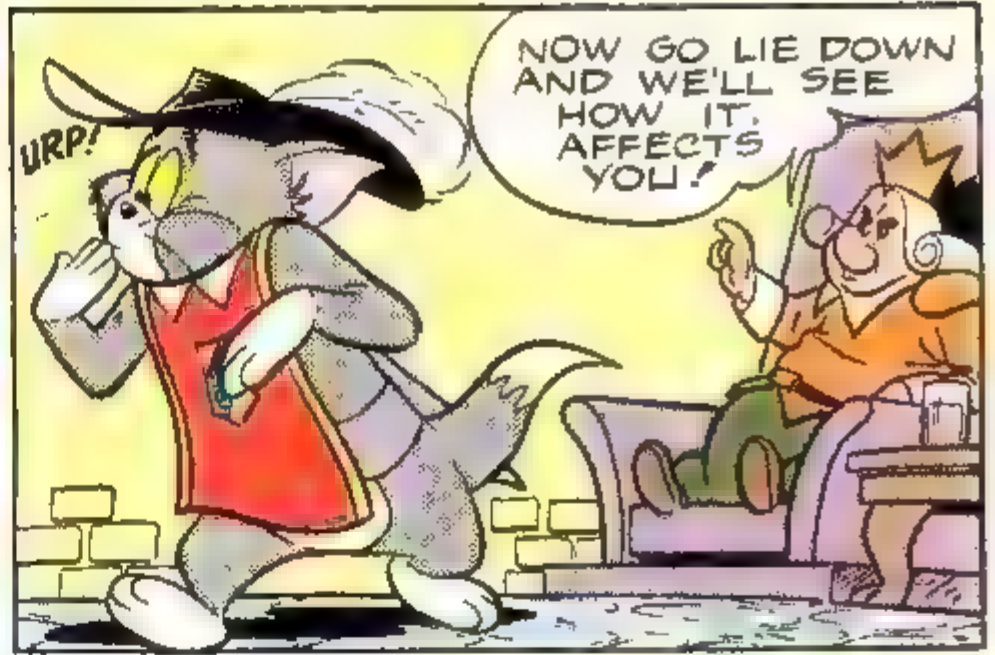
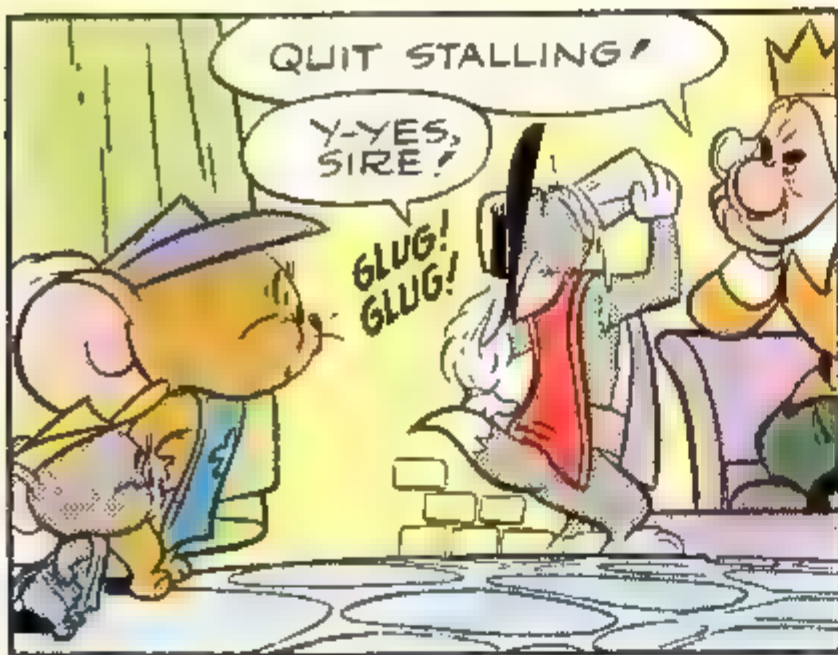




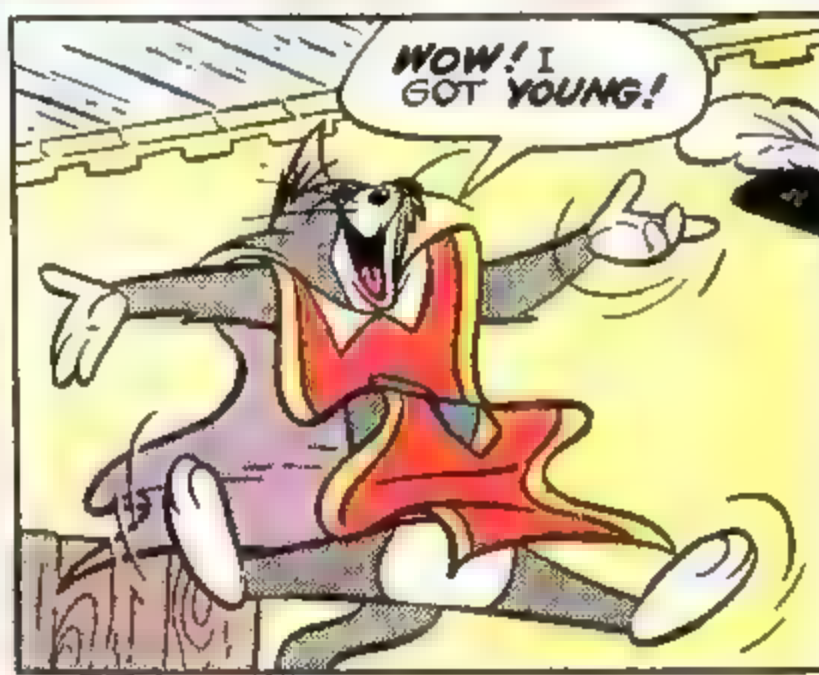
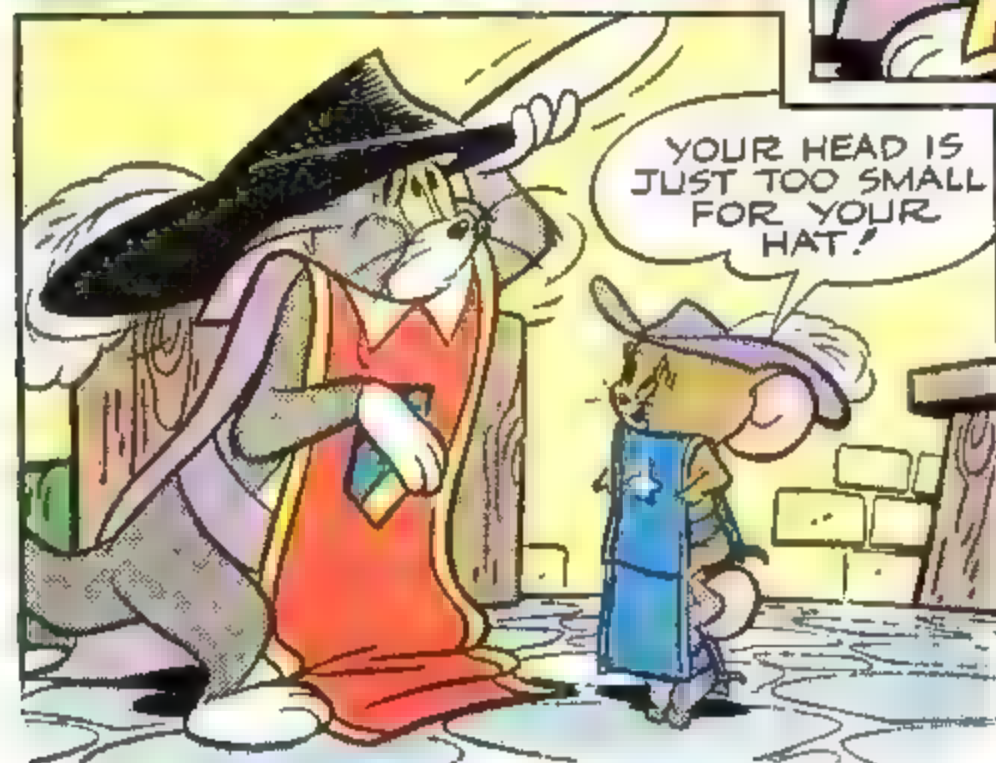
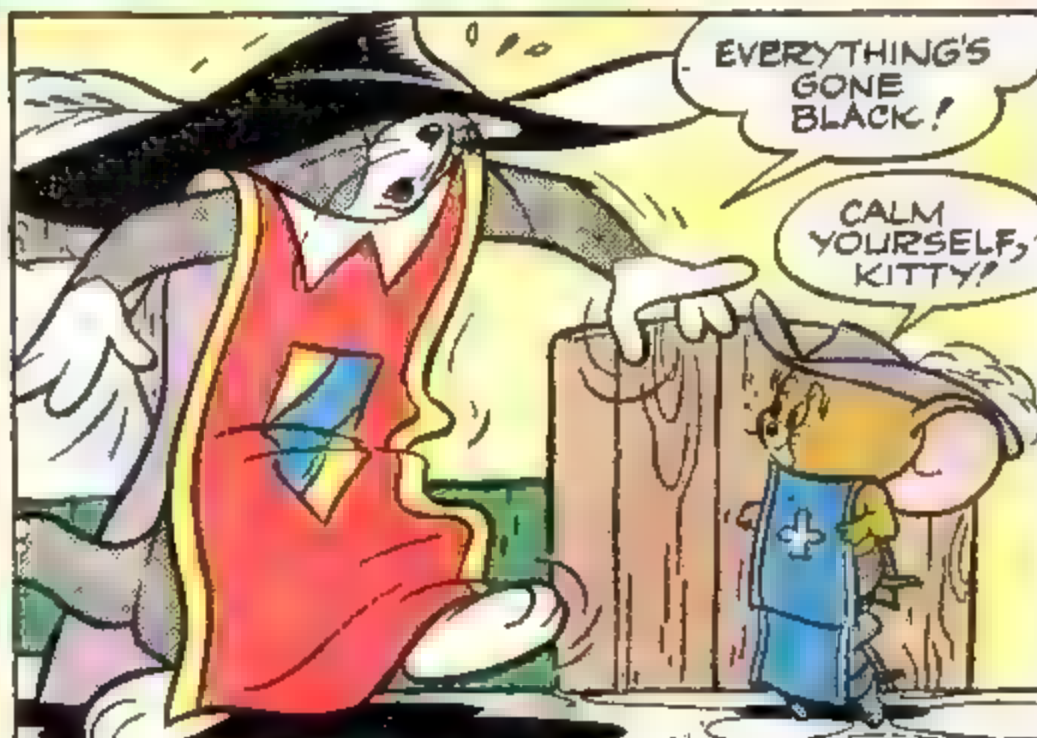
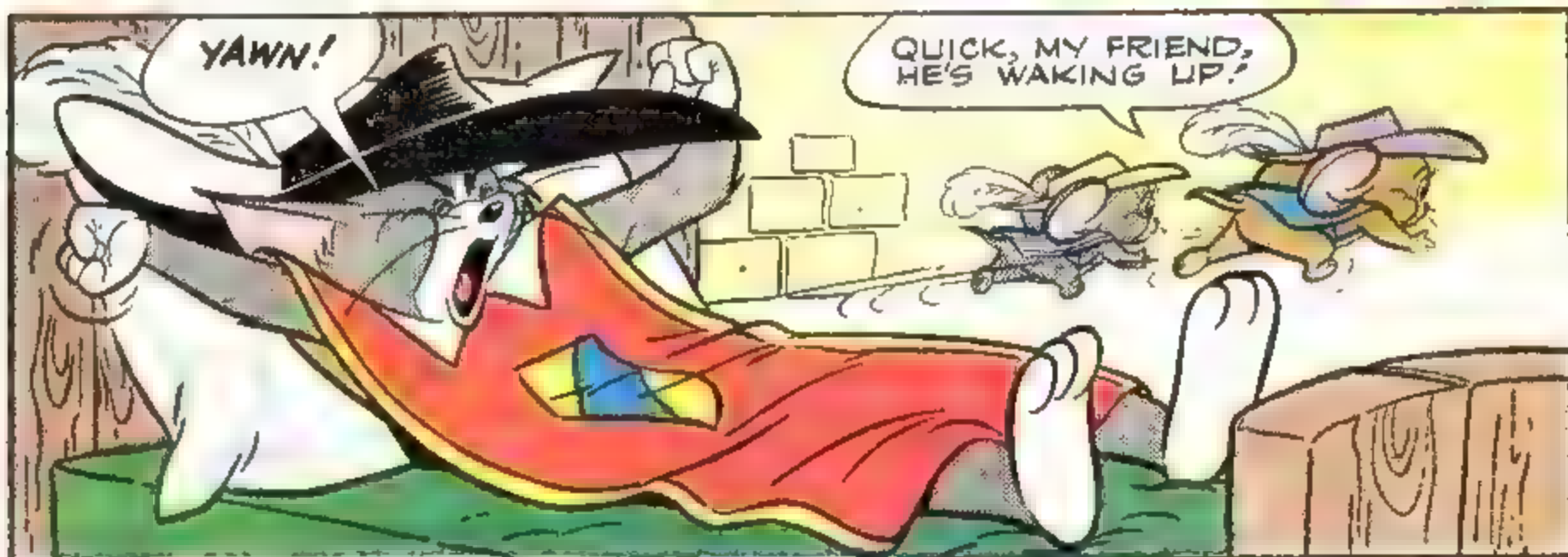
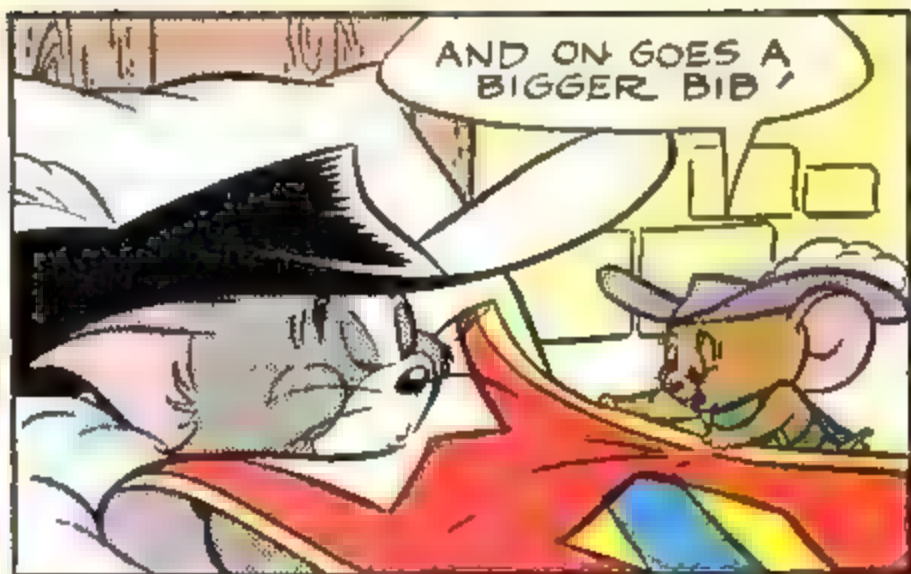
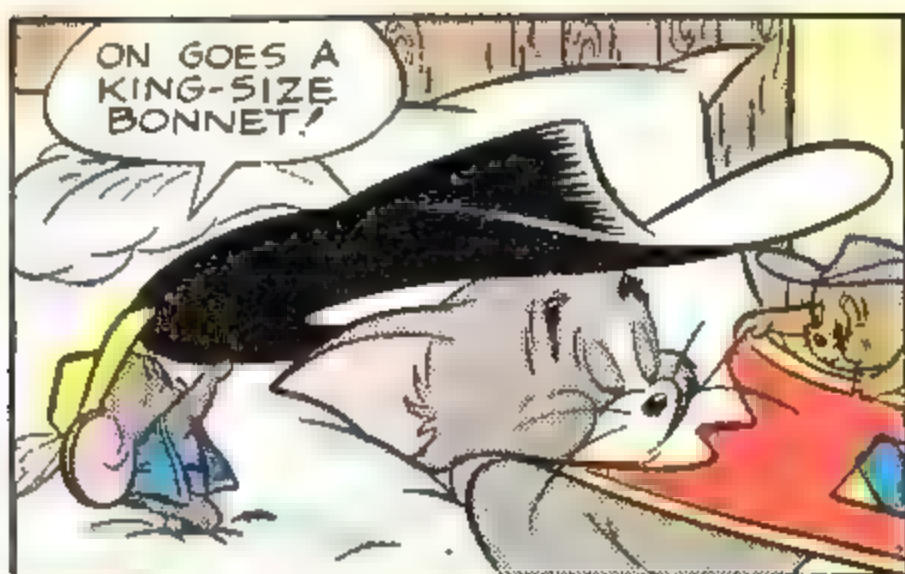




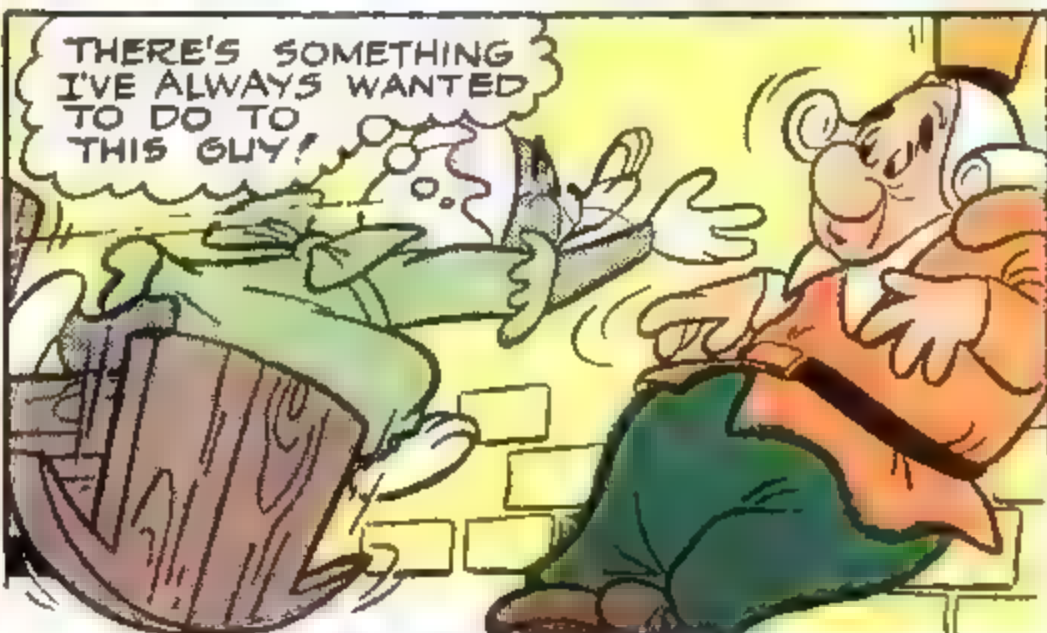
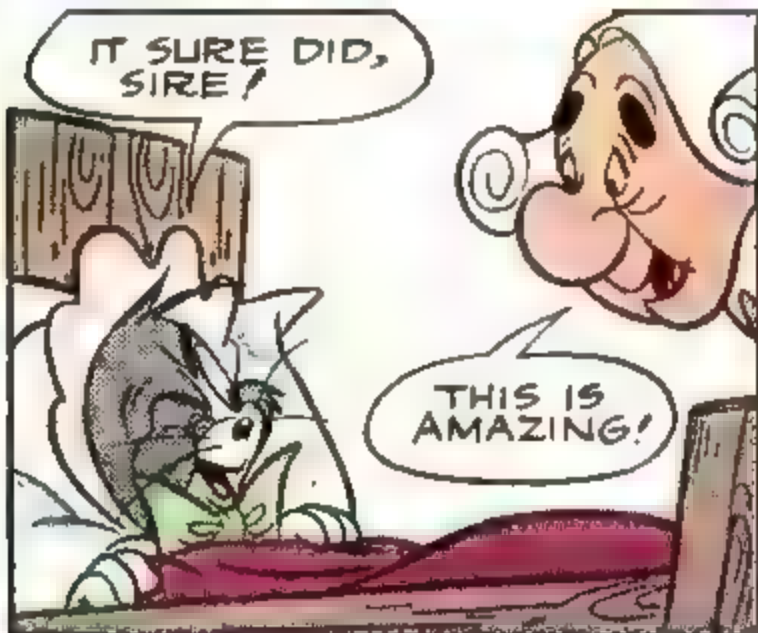
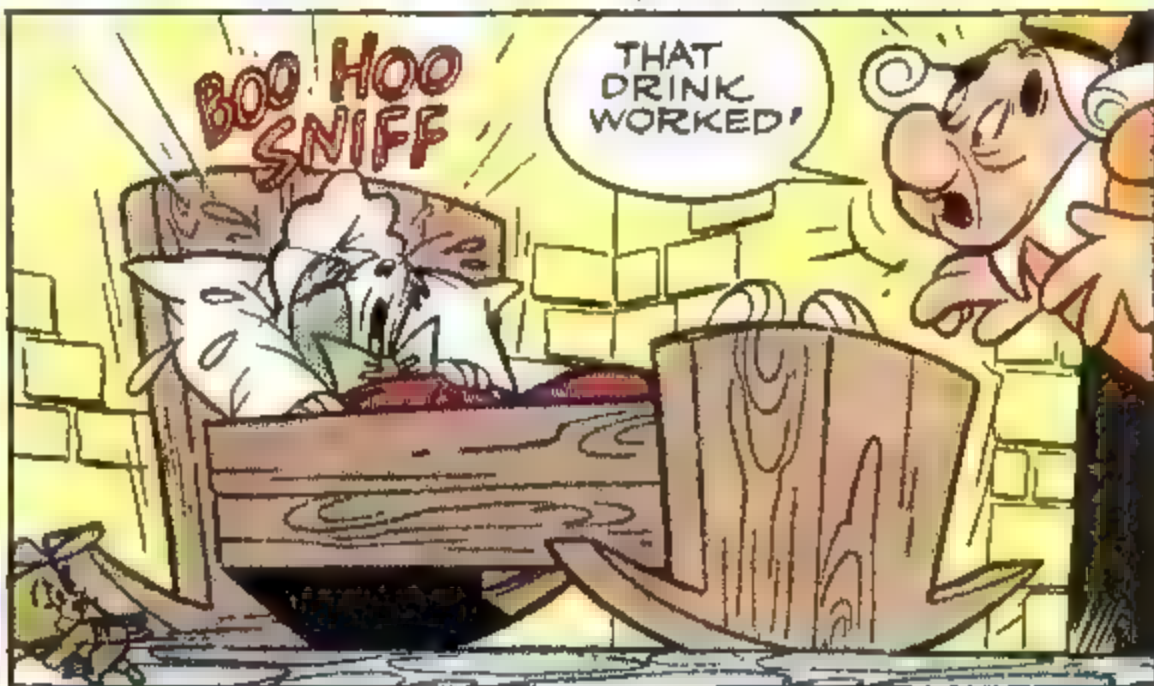
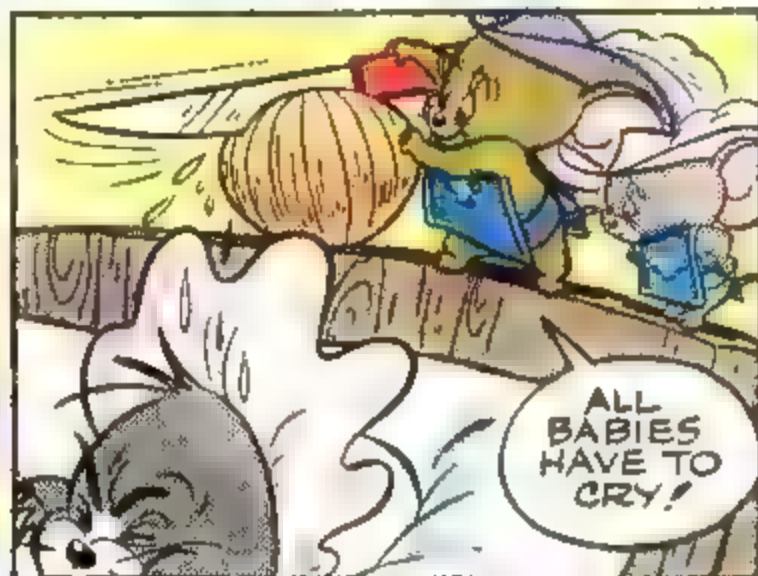
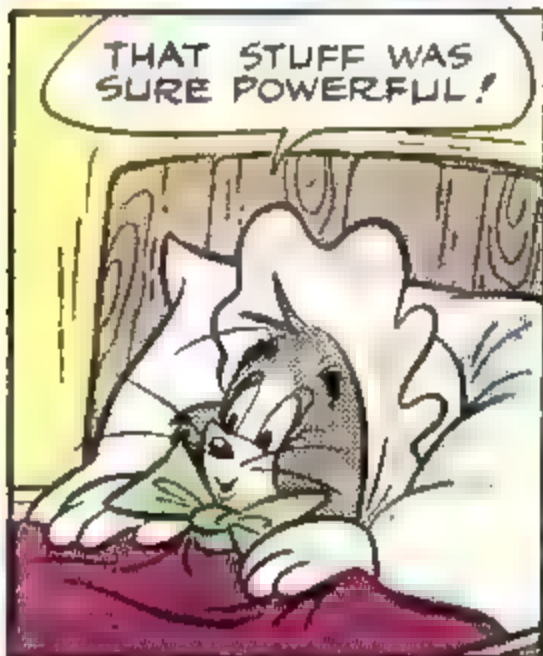
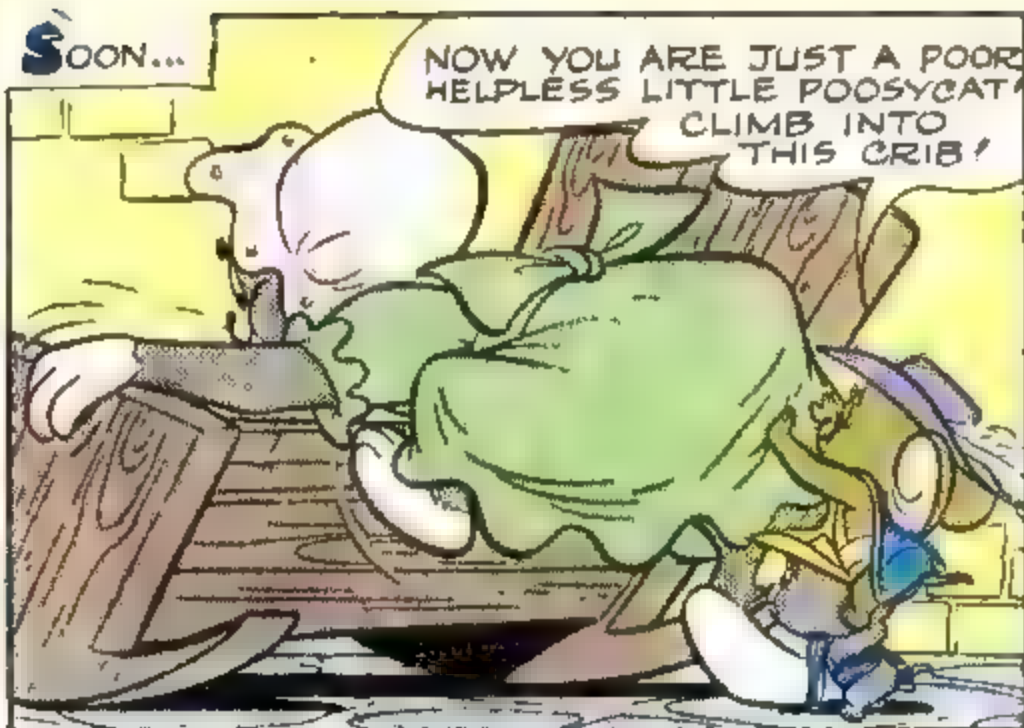
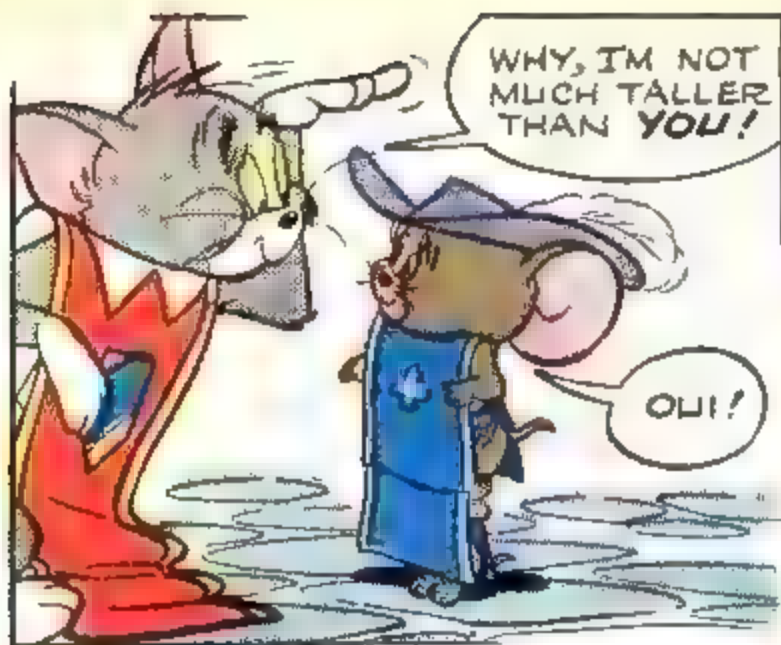




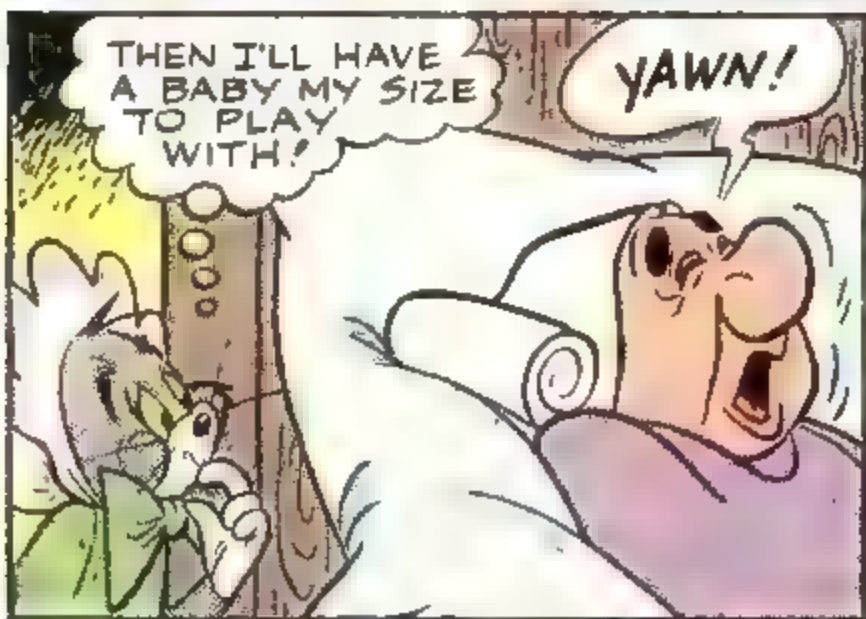
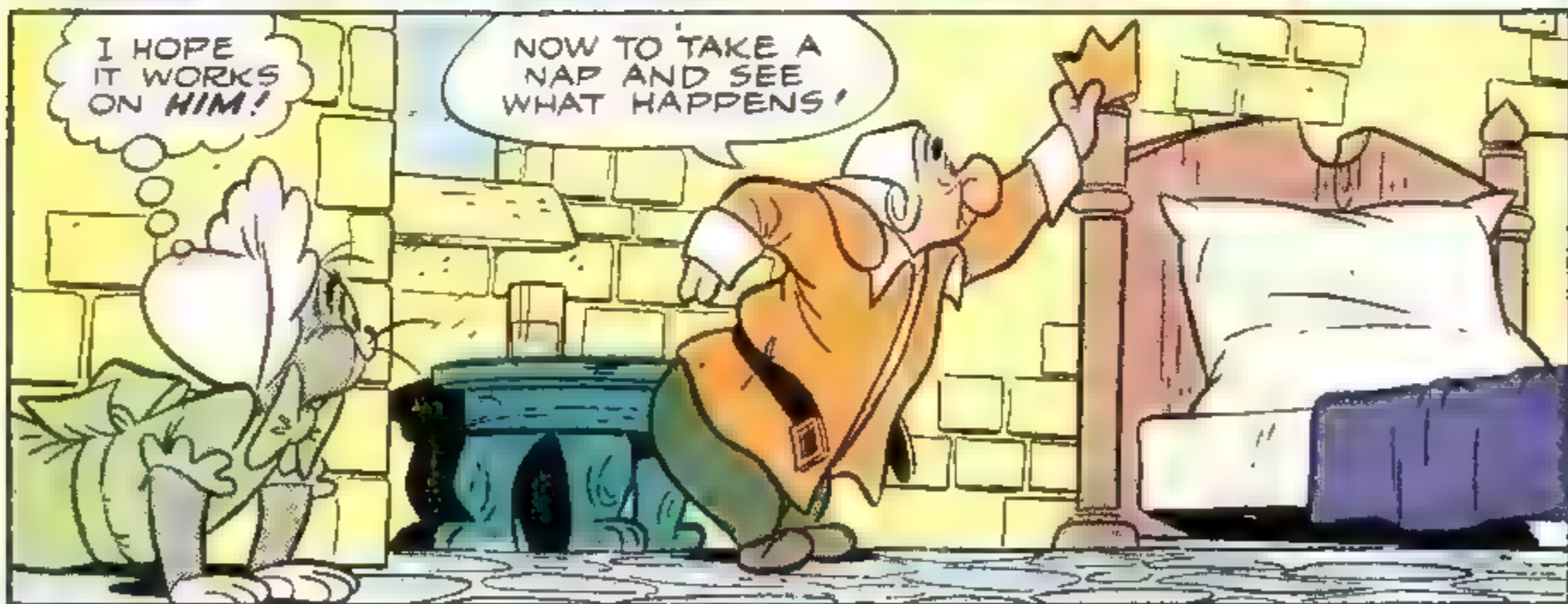
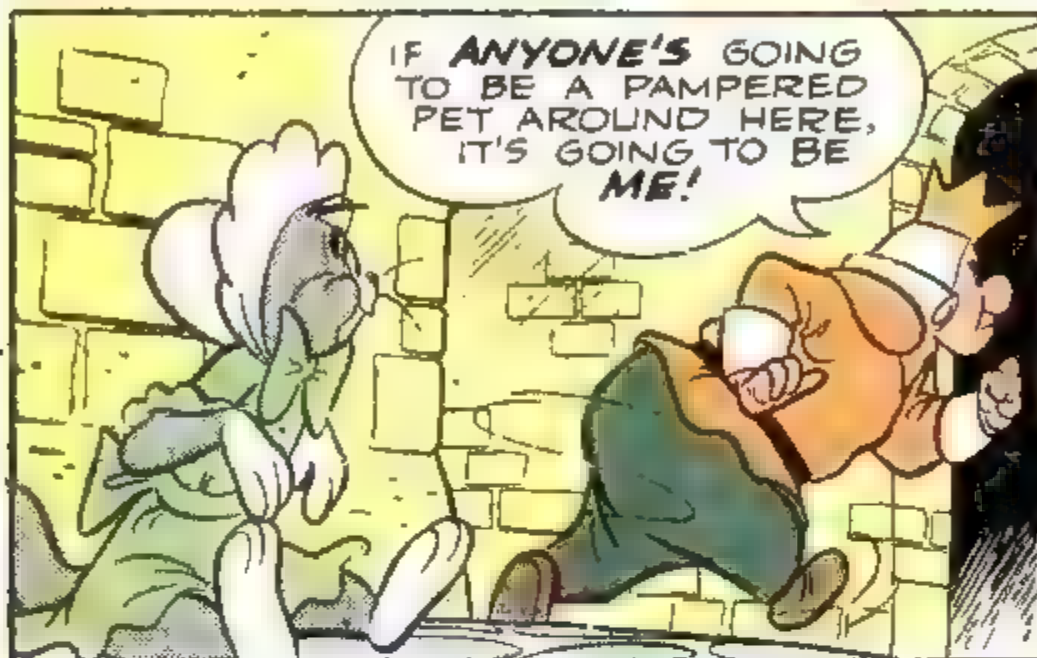




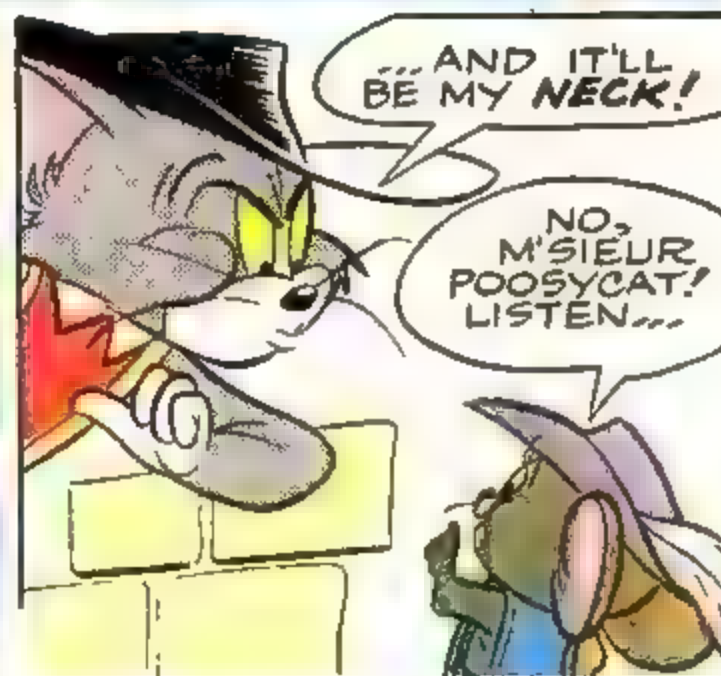
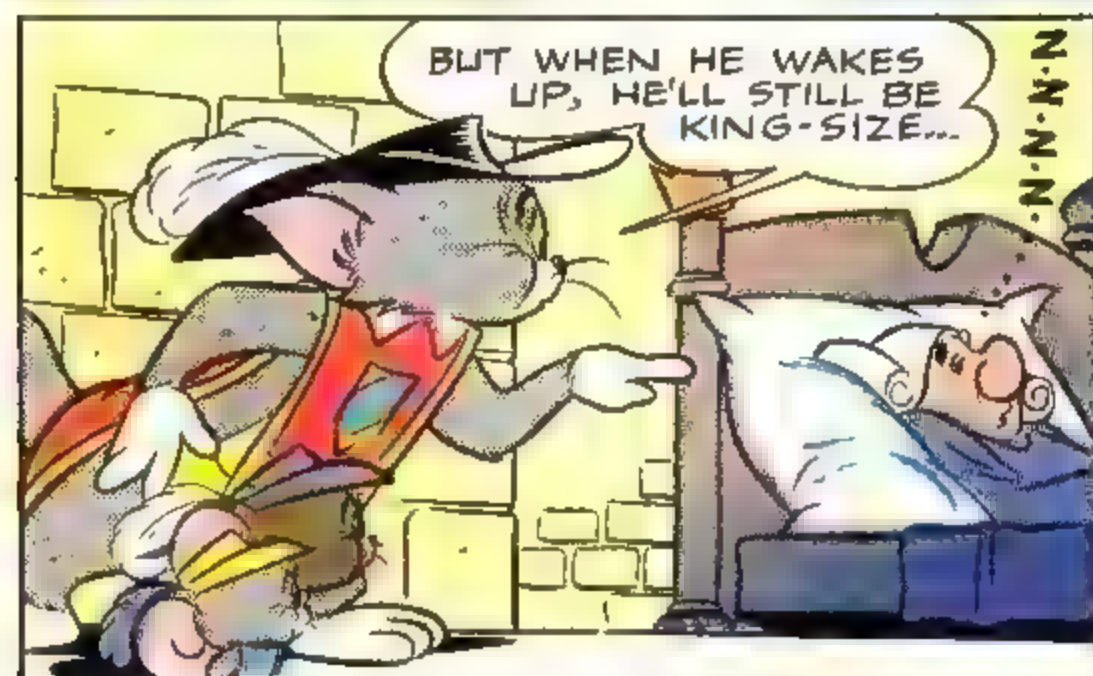
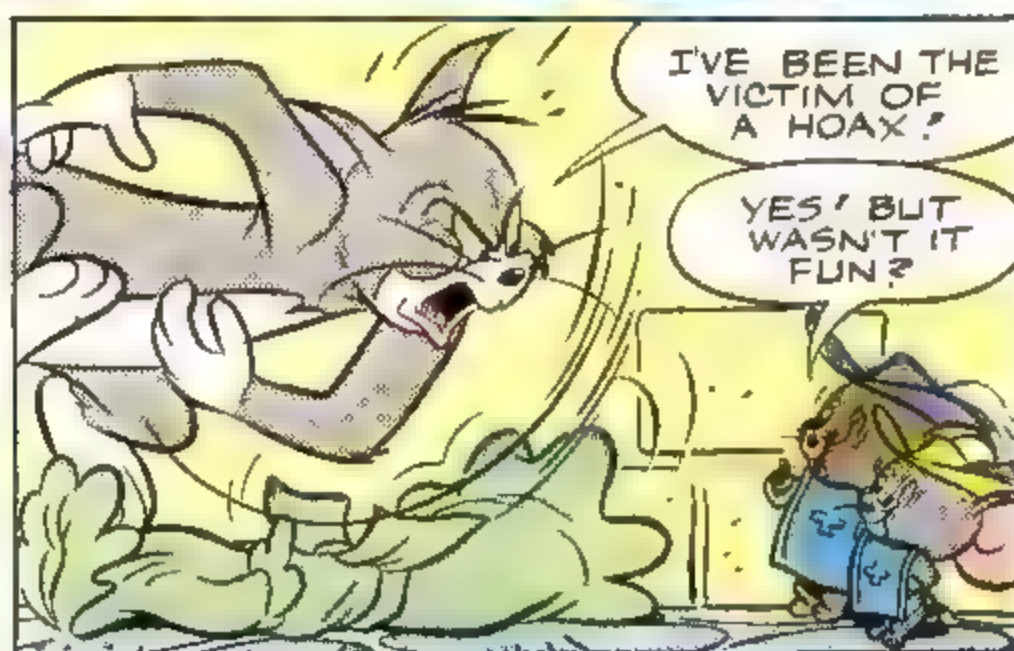
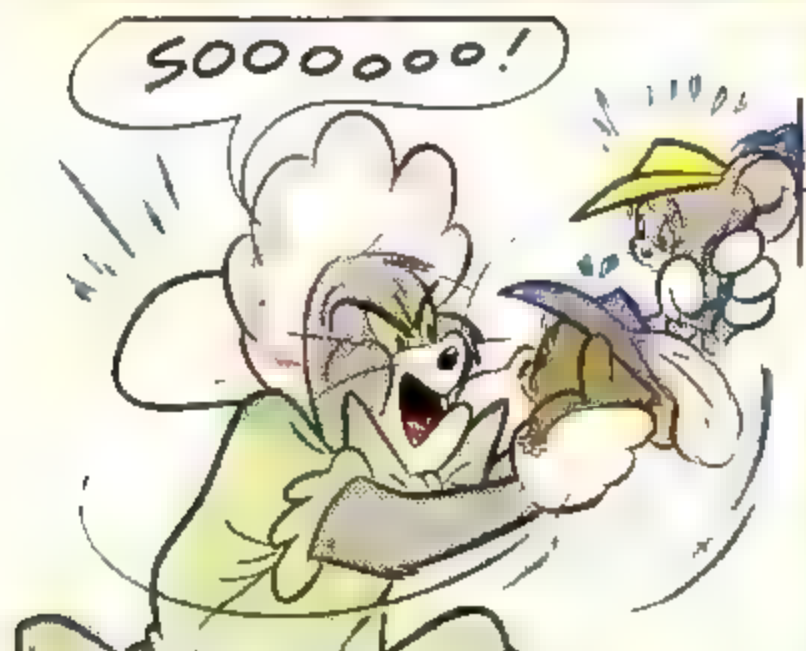
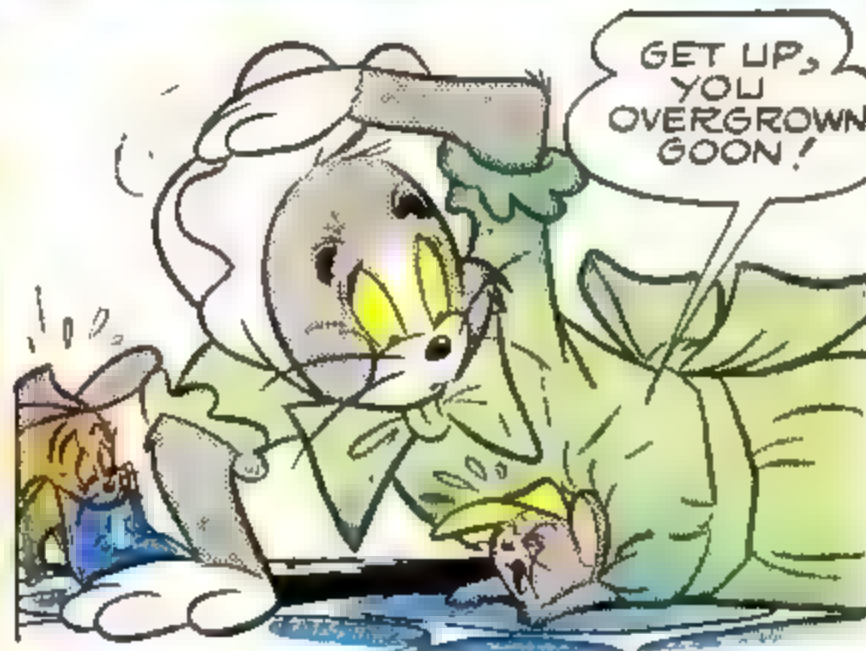
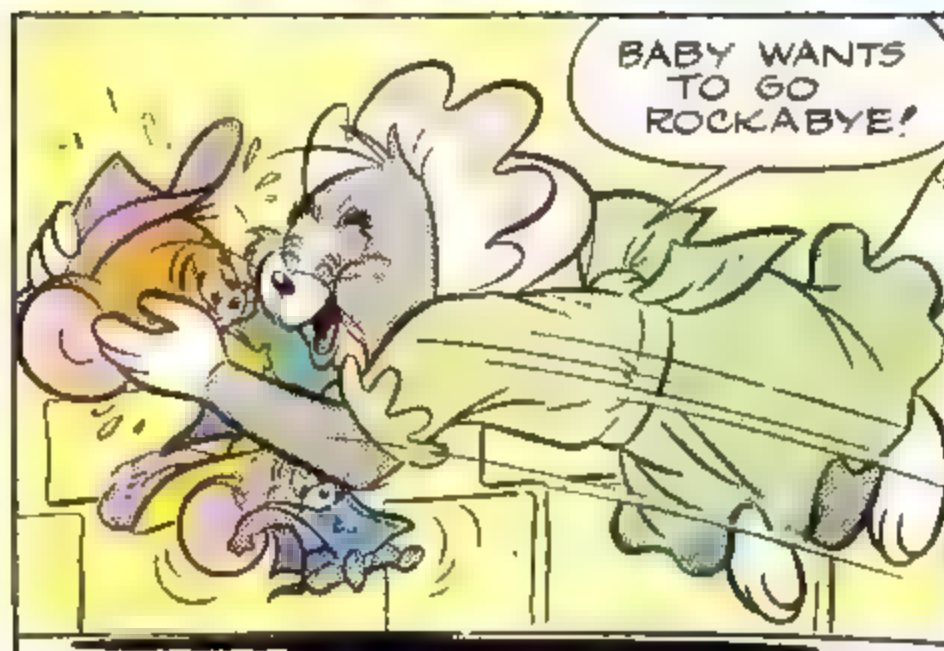
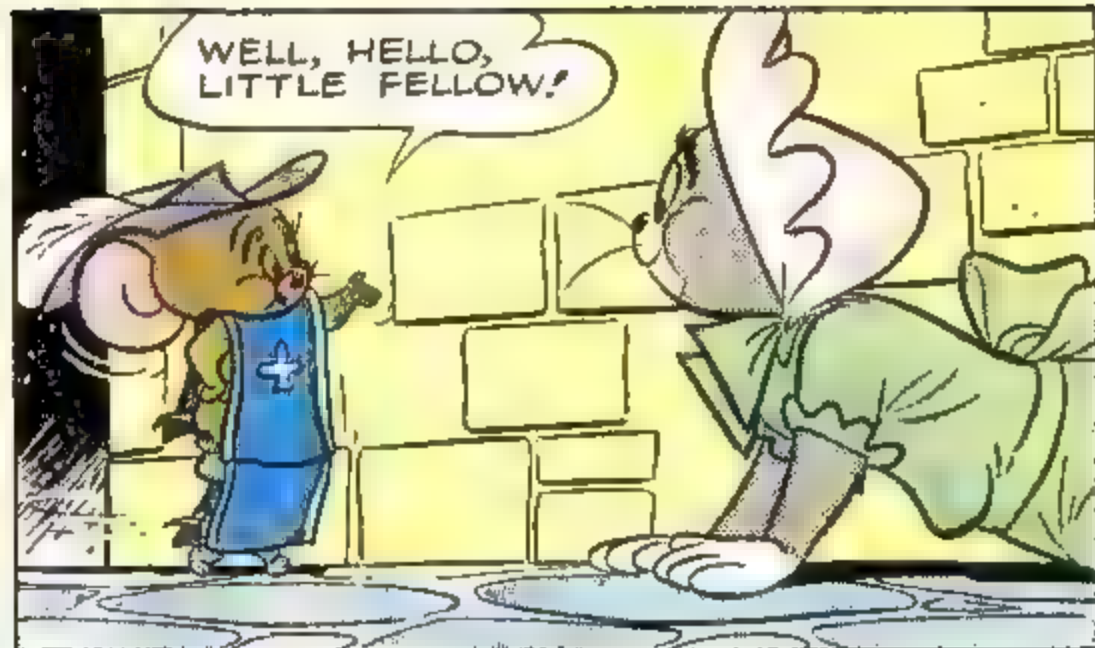
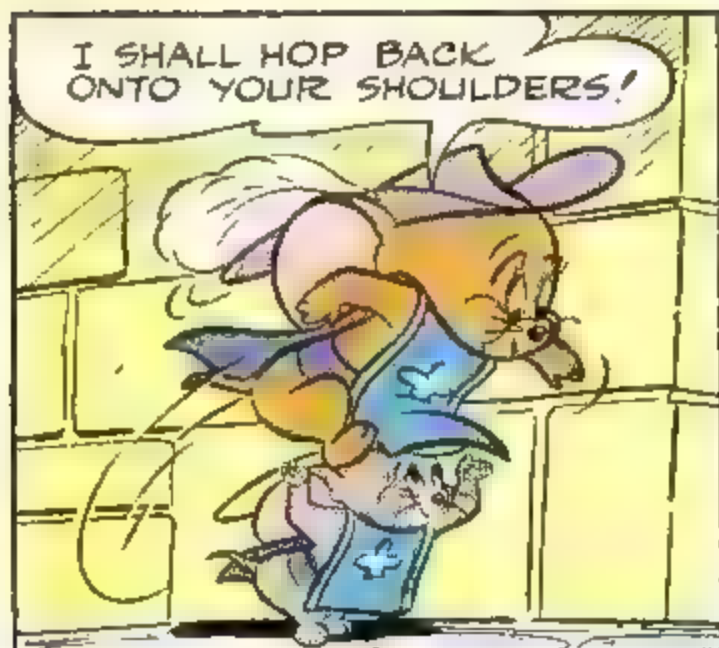




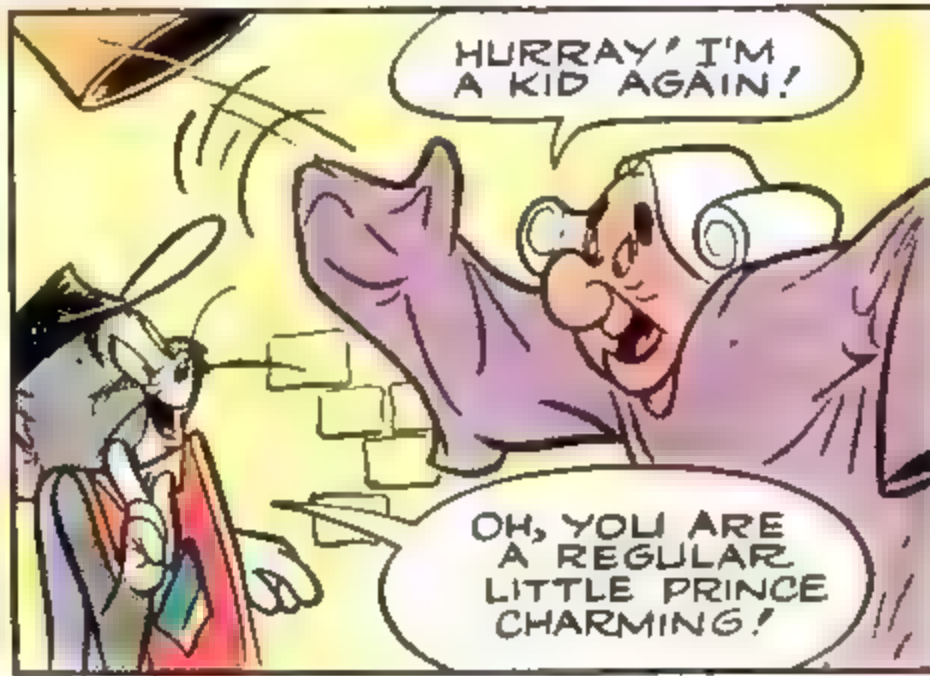
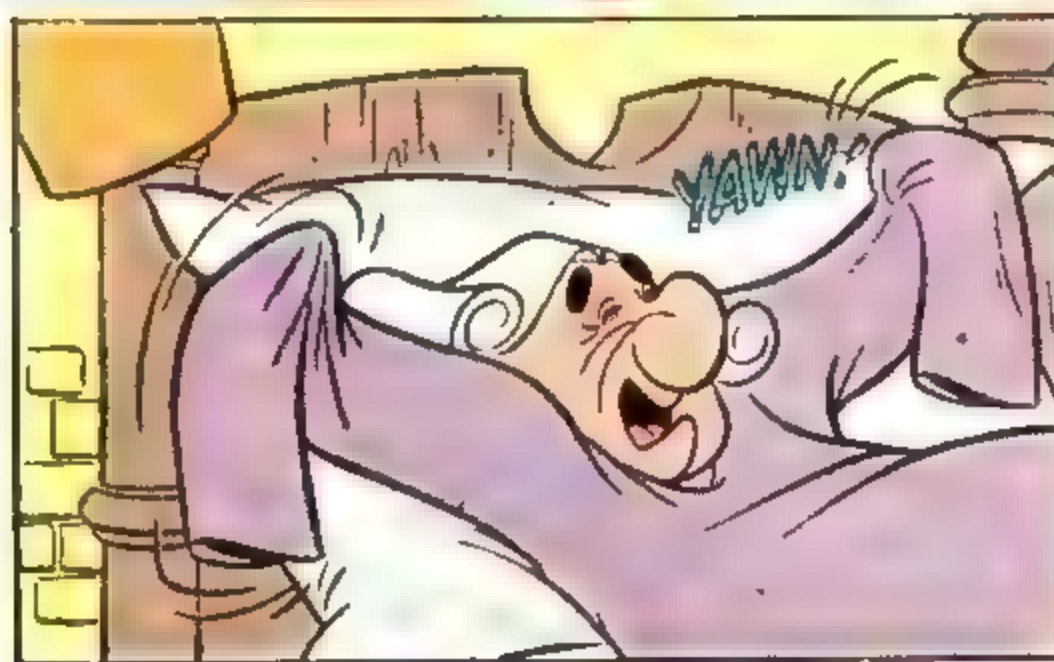
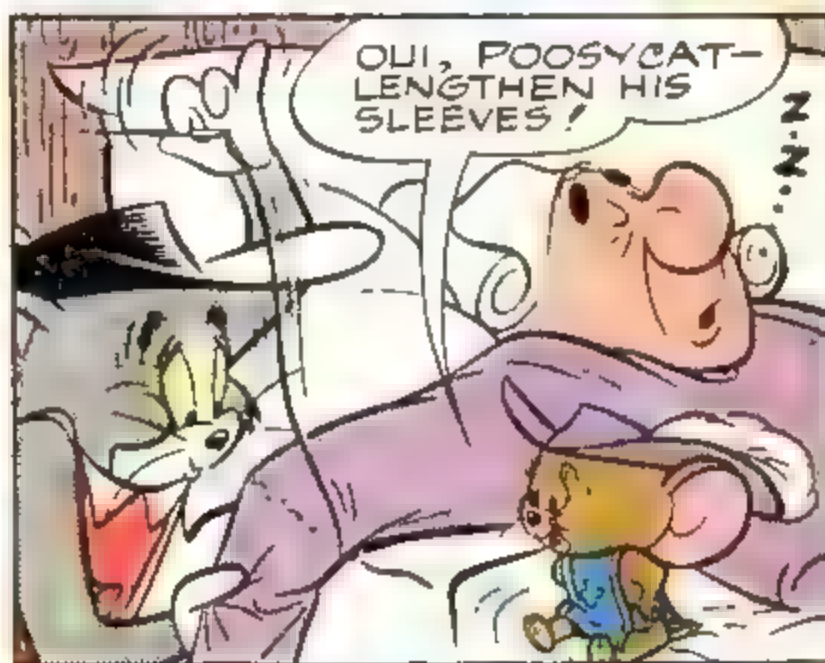
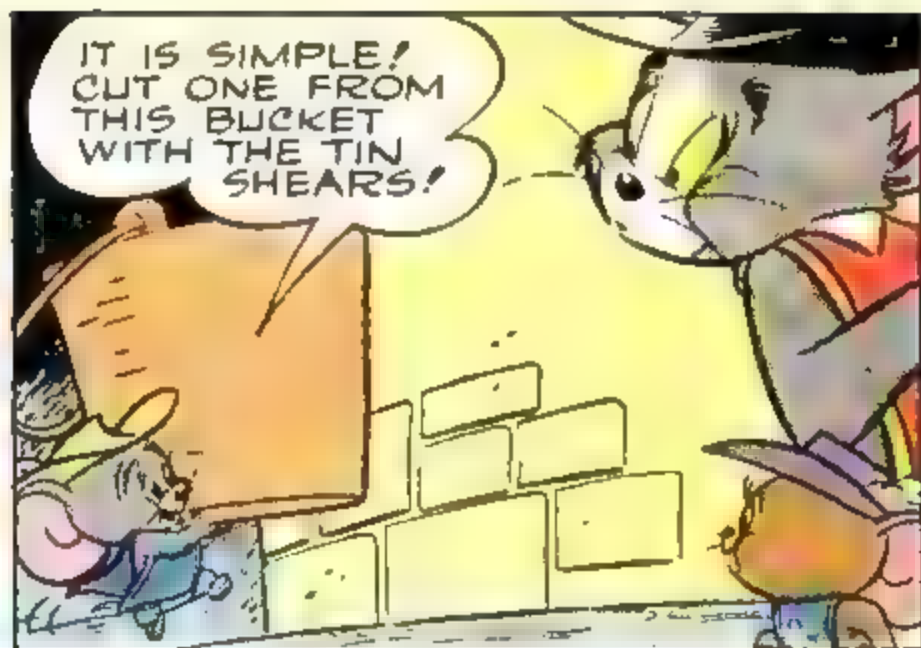
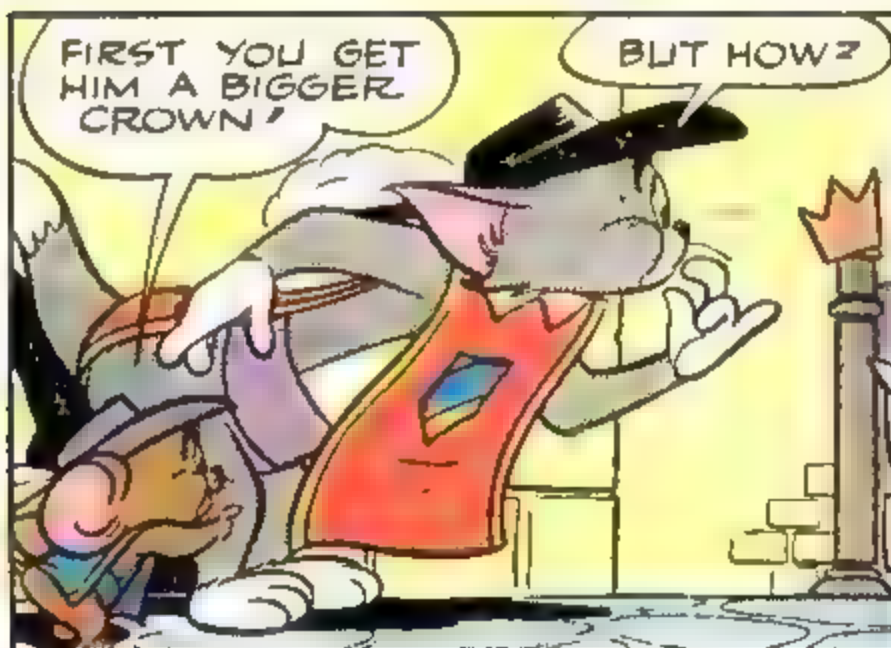




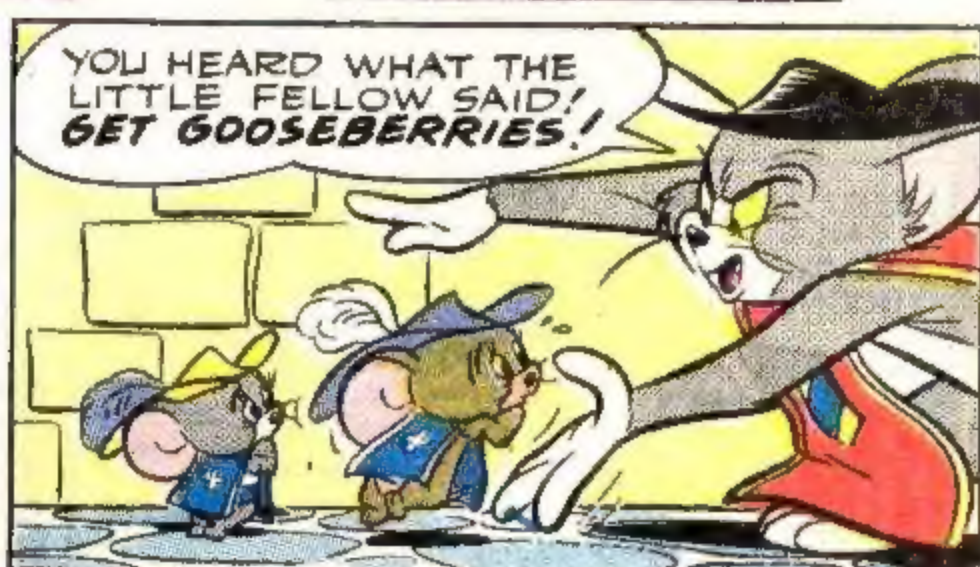






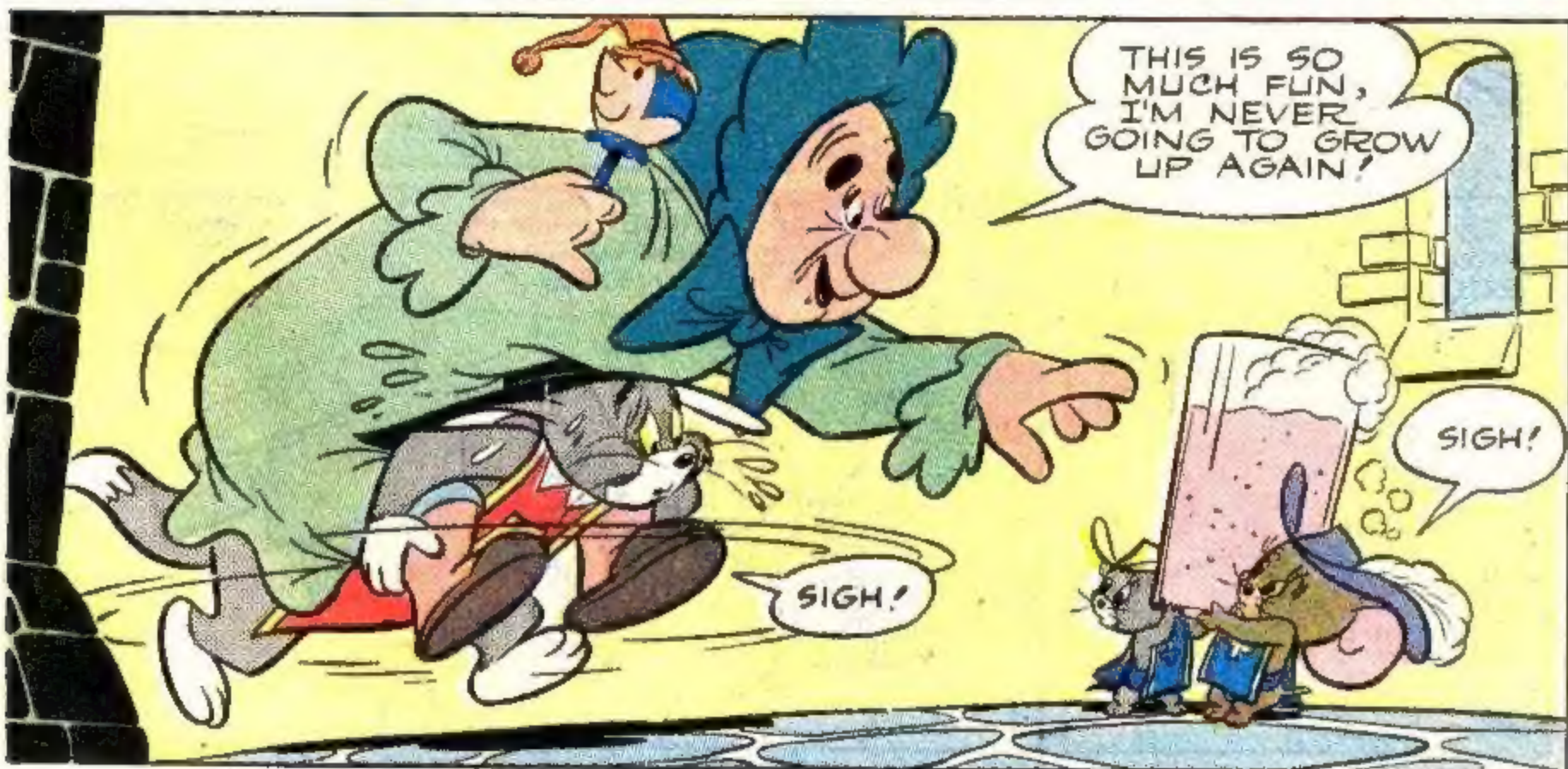






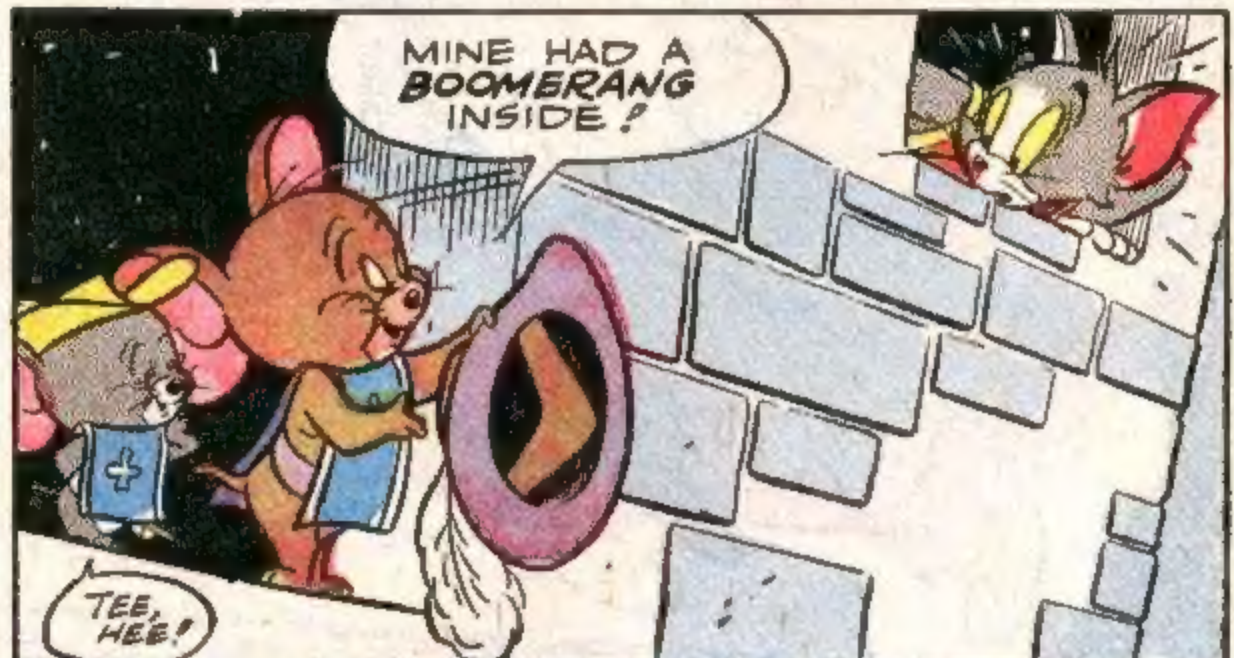
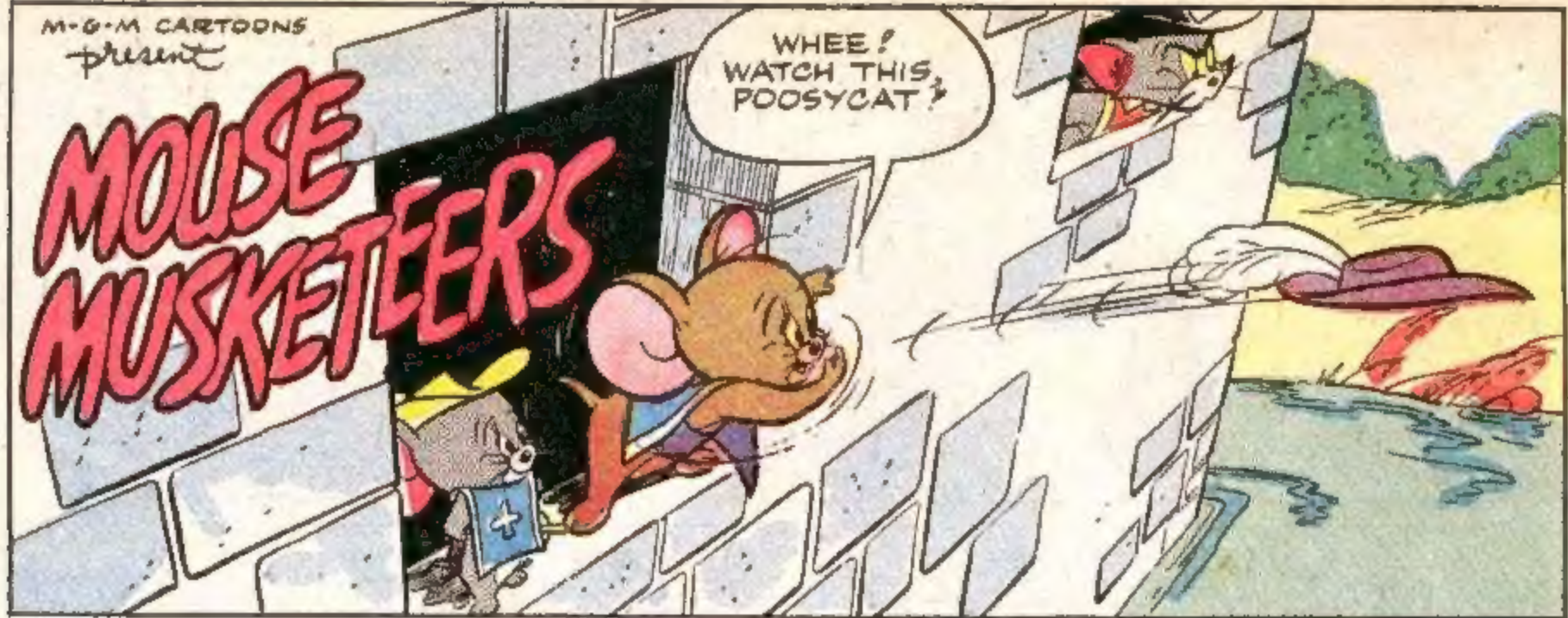
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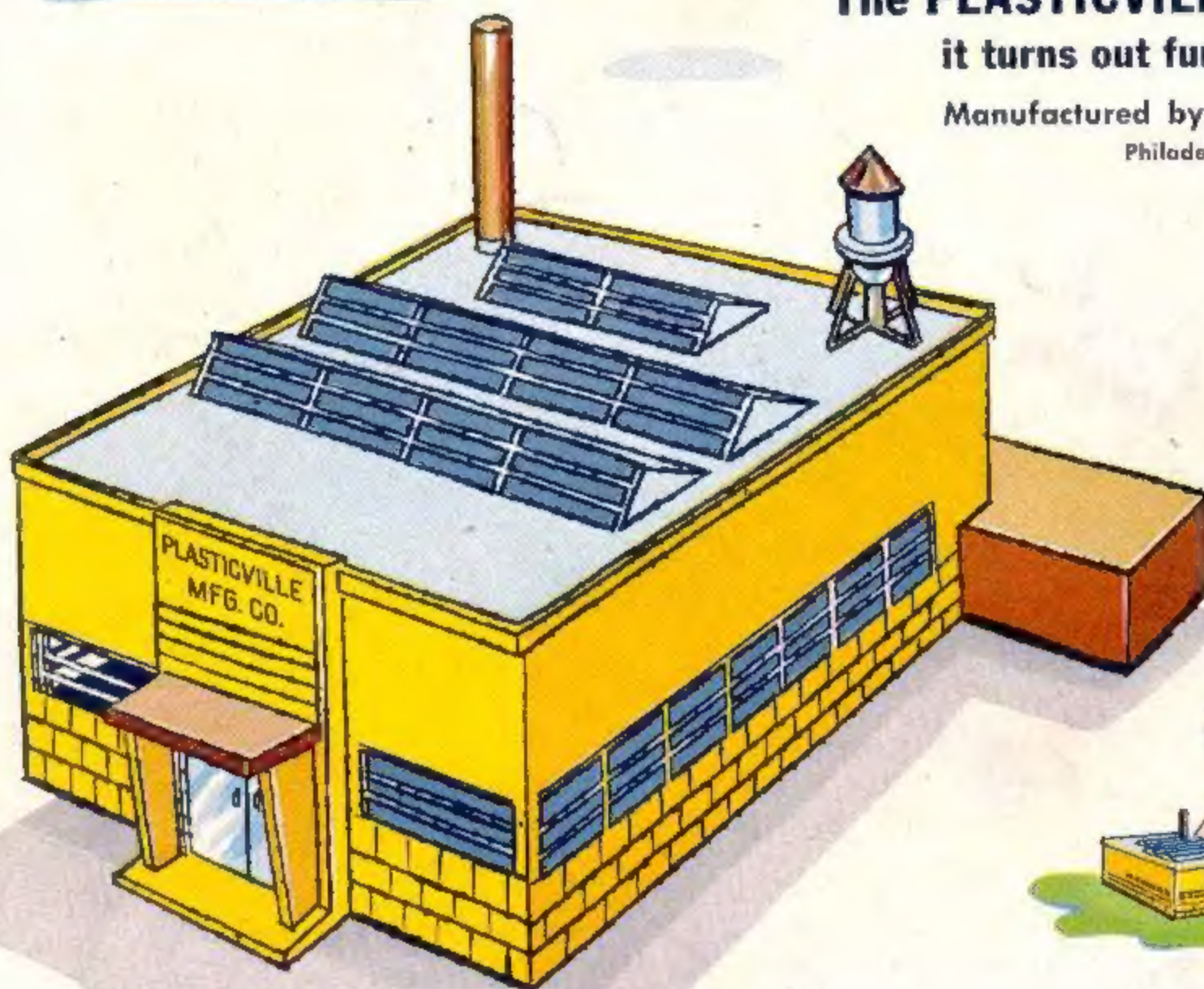


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